

T H E
D R A M A T I C W O R K S
O F
D A V I D G A R R I C K E s q ;

N O W F I R S T C O L L E C T E D .

I N T H R E E V O L U M E S .

V O L U M E T H E S E C O N D .

C A R E F U L L Y C O R R E C T E D .

M D C C L X V I I I .



T H E
C O N T E N T S.

I. ROMEO and JULIET. A Tragedy.

II. CYMBELINE. A Tragedy.

III. CATHARINE and PETRUCHIA.
A Comedy.

IV. FLORIZEL and PERDITA. A Dramatic
Pastoral.

The above *Four* altered from SHAKESPEARE.

V. EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR. A
Comedy. Altered from JONSON.



R O M E O

A N D

J U L I E T.

With ALTERATIONS, and an additional SCENE.

As it is Performed at the Theatre-Royal, in
Drury-Lane.

VOL. II.

A



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE chief design of the alteration in the following Play, was to clear the original as much as possible from the jingle and quibble which were always the objections to the reviving it.

The sudden change of Romeo's love from Rosaline to Juliet, was thought by many, at the first revival of the Play, to be a blemish in his character; an alteration in that particular has been made more in compliance to that opinion, than from a conviction that Shakespear, the best judge of human nature, was faulty.

Bandello, the Italian novelist, from whom Shakespear has borrowed the subject of this Play, has made Juliet to wake in the tomb before Romeo dies: this circumstance Shakespear has omitted, not, perhaps, from judgment, but from reading the story in the French or English translation, both which have injudiciously left out this addition to the catastrophe.

Otway in his Caius Marius, a Tragedy taken from Romeo and Juliet, has made use of this affecting circumstance, but it is matter of wonder that so great a dramatic genius did not work up a scene from it of more nature, terror and distress.—Such a scene was attempted at the revival of this Play, and it is hoped, that an endeavour to supply the failure of so great a master will not be deemed arrogant, or the making use of two or three of his introductory lines, be accounted a plagiarism.

The persons who from their great good-nature and love of justice have endeavoured to take away from the present editor the little merit of this scene by ascribing it to Otway, have unwittingly, from the nature of the accusation, paid him a compliment which he believes they never intended him.

The PERSONS.

ROMEO,
Escalus,
Paris,
Mountague,
Capulet,
Mercutio,
Benvolio,
Tibalt,
Old Capulet,
Friar Lawrence,
Friar John,
Balthasar,
Gregory,
Sampson,
Abram,

JULIET,
Lady Capulet,
Nurse,

Mr. Garrick.
Mr. Bransbay.
Mr. Scrase.
Mr. Burton.
Mr. Berry.
Mr. Woodward.
Mr. Mozeen.
Mr. Blakes.
Mr. Johnson.
Mr. Havard.
Mr. Jefferson.
Mr. Ackman.
Mr. W. Vaughan.
Mr. Clough.
Mr. Marr.

Mrs. Cibber.
Mrs. Bennet.
Mrs. Macklin.

Citizens of Verona, several men and women relations to Capulet, maskers, guards, and other attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona.



ROMEO and JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Street in VERONA.**Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY.*

SAMPSON

GREGORY, I strike quickly, being mov'd.*Greg.* But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.*Sam.* A dog of the house of *Mountague* moves me.*Greg.* Draw thy tool then, for here come of that house.*Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.**Sam.* My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee, but — Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.*Greg.* I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.*Sam.* Nay as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.*Abra.* Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, Sir.*Abra.* Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir.*Sam.* Is the law on our side, if I say ay?*Greg.* No.*Sam.* No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.*Greg.* Do you quarrel, Sir?*Abra.* Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abra. No better, Sir.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Greg. Say better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abra. You lye,

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy fwashing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter TIBALT.

Tib. What art thou drawn amongst these heartless hinds? Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee: Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike, beat them down. Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*.

Enter Old CAPULET in his Gown.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my sword, My sword, I say: old *Mountague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Old MOUNTAGUE.

Moun. Thou villain, *Capulet*——Hold me not, let me go.

Enter PRINCE with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of your neighbours' stained steel——
Will they not hear? What noise? you men! you beasts,



ROMEO AND JULIET.

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountains issuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made *Verona's* ancient citizens
Cast by their great befeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans in hands as old.
If ever you affright our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away.
You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me;
And *Mountague*, come you this afternoon
To know our farther pleasure in this case.
Once more on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, etc.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent MOUNTAGUE and BENVOLIO.

Moun. **W**HO set this ancient quarrel now abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the prince came.

Moun. O where is *Romeo*? Saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. My lord, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd through the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad;
Where underneath the grove of fycamoor,
That westward rooteth from the city side,
So early walking did I see your son.

Tow'rs him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of a wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own,
(That most are busied when they're most alone,)
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing him,
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed;
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Moun. Both by himself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say, how true:
But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from founding and discovery,
As is the bud, bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Ben. So please you, Sir, *Mercutio* and myself
Are most near to him; be it that our years,
Statutes, births, fortunes, studies, inclinations,
Measure the rule of his, I know not; but
Friendship still loves to fort him with his like.
We will attempt upon his privacy,
And could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as knowlege.

Moun. 'Twill bind us to you: good *Benvolio*, go.

Ben. We'll know his grievance, or be hard denied.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E III.

Before CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and a Servant.

Cap. **A**ND *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long:
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of eighteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes with her.
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent; so woo her, gentle *Paris*.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a friend,
Such as I love, and you among the rest;
Once more most welcome!
Come go with me. Go, firrah, trudge about

[*To a Servant.*

Through fair *Verona*; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasures stay. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

A Wood near VERONA.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. SEE where he steals—Told I you not, *Benvolio*,
That we should find this melancholy *Cupid*
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary silence; with his arms
Threaded, like these cross boughs, in sorrow's knot.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Mer. Pry'thee, what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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Ben. In love, me seems !

Alas, that love so gentle to the view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Where shall we dine !—O me—Cousin *Benvolio*,
What was the fray this morning with the *Capulets* ?

Yet, tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love :

Love, heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !

This love feel I ; but such my froward fate,

That there I love where most I ought to hate.

Dost thou not laugh, my friend !—Oh *Juliet* ! *Juliet* !

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?—

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Mer. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love ?

Rom. In sadness then, I love a woman.

Mer. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman ! and she's fair I love :
But knows not of my love, 'twas through my eyes
The shaft empiere'd my heart, change gave the wound,
Which time can never heal : no star befriends me,
To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow.
And still 'tis hopeless love, and endless sorrow.

Mer. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think !

Mer. By giving liberty unto thine eyes :
Take thou some new infection to thy heart,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Examine other beauties.

Rom. He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair ;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,

Remembring me, who past that passing fair;
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Mer. I warrant thee. If thou'lt but stay to hear,
To-night there is an ancient splendid feast
Kept by old *Capulet*, our enemy,
Where all the beauties of *Verona* meet.

Rom. At *Capulet's*!

Mer. At *Capulet's*, my friend;
Go there, and with an unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swain a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires;
And burn the heretics. All-seeing Phœbus
Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.

Mer. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself; but let be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other fair,
And she will shew scant well.

Rom. I will along, *Mercutio*.

Mer. 'Tis well. Look to behold at this high feast,
Earth-treading stars, that might dim heaven's lights,
Hear all, all see, try all; and like her most,
That most shall merit thee.

Rom. My mind is chang'd—
I will not go to-night.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dream'd a dream last night.

Mer. Ha! ha! a dream?

O then I see queen *Mab* hath been with you.
She is the fancy's mid-wife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an Alderman,
Drawn with the team of little atomies,

Athwart mens noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moon-shine's wat'ry beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers :
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love ;
 On courtiers knees, that dream on curt'sies straight :
 O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
 O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep ;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that *Mab*——

Rom. Peace, peace,
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,

Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more unconstant than the wind.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from ourselves,
And we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
From this night's revels—lead, gallant friends;
Let come what may, once more I will behold
My *Juliet's* eyes, drink deeper of affliction:
I'll watch the time; and, mask'd from observation,
Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name:
Tho' hate and discord 'twixt our fires increase,
Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace.

Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

S C E N E V.

CAPULET'S House.

Enter Lady CAPULET, and NURSE.

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth
to me.

Nurse. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve years old)
I bade her come; what lamb, what lady-bird, God forbid—where's this girl? what, *Juliet*?

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter—Nurse, give leave a while,
we must talk in secret; Nurse, come back again, I have remembered me, thou shalt hear my counsel: thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not eighteen.

Nurse. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth, and yet to my teeth be it spoken, I have but eight, she's not eighteen; how long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all the days in the year come *Lammas* eve at night shall she be eighteen. *Susan* and she (God rest all Christian souls) were of an age. Well, *Susan* is with God; she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas* eve at night shall she be eighteen, that shall she, marry, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now fifteen years, and she was wean'd; I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my breast, sitting in the sun, under the dove-house wall; my lord and you were then at *Mantua*—nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of the breast, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy and fall out with the breast. Shake, quoth the dove-house—'twas no need I throw, to bid me trudge; and since that time it is fifteen years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by th' rood, she could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow; and then my husband (God be with his soul, a' was a merry man,) took up the child: yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not, *Jule*? and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; to see now how a jest shall come about I warrant, and I should live a thousand years, I should not forget it: wilt thou not, *Jule*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, peace.

Nurse. Peace, I have done; God mark thee to his grace.
Thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurs'd:
An' I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my 'count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, lady, such a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris's* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I indart my eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Madam, new guests are come, and brave ones, all
in masks. You are call'd; my young lady ask'd for, the
nurse curs'd in the pantry; supper almost ready to be serv'd
up, and every thing in extremity. I must hence and wait.

La. Cap. We follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

The CAPULETS, Ladies, Guests, and Maskers, are discover'd.

Cap. **W**ELCOME, gentlemen. Ladies, that have
your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Who'll now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near you now?
Welcome all gentlemen; I've seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay fit, nay fit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much!
'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir:
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. Cousin *Benvolio*, do you mark that lady which
Doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman.

Ben. I do.

Rom. Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiops'* ear;
The measure done, I'll watch her to her place,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Be still, be still, my fluttering heart.

Tib. This, by his voice, should be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier, boy; what, dares the slave
Come hither cover'd with an antic face,
To steer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my race,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefor storm you thus?

Tib. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, or foe;
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn and flout at our solemnity.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tib. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a courtly gentleman:
And, to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefor be patient, take no note of him.

Tib. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
Be quiet, cousin, or I'll make you quiet—

Tib. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their difference.

I will withdraw ; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Dance here.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To Juliet.*
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this. [*Kiss.*

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
For palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. Thus then, dear saint, let lips put up their prayers.
[*Kiss.*

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Ben. What is her mother? [*To her nurse.*

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wife and virtuous,
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold on her
Shall have the chink.

Ben. Is she a Capulet?

Romeo, let's be gone, the sport is over.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my mishap. [*Exeunt.*

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night:
More torches here—come on, then let's to supper. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that is now a going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Mercutio.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen, unknown; and known too late.

Nurse. What's this? what's this!

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I talk'd withal. [One calls within, Juliet.

Nurse. Anon, anon —
Come, let's away, the strangers are all gone. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter ROMEO alone.

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [Exit.

Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO.

Ben. *Romeo*, my cousin *Romeo*.

Mer. He is wise,
And on my life hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall,
Call, good *Mercutio*.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, why, *Romeo*! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfy'd.
Cry but *Ah me*! couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name to her pur-blind son and heir;

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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I conjure thee by thy mistress's bright eyes,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesns that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
'Till she had laid it. My invocation is
Honest and fair, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise him up.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the hum'rous night.

Mer. Romeo, good night, I'll to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A G A R D E N.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. **H**E jests at scars that never felt a wound —
But soft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and *Juliet* is the sun!

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it;
I am too bold—Oh were these eyes in heav'n,
They'd through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing and think it were the morn :
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand,
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. Ah me !

Rom. She speaks, she speaks !

Oh speak again bright angel, for thou art
 As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
 To the upturn'd wond'ring eyes of mortals
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*—wherefor art thou *Romeo*?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy ;
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.
 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name,
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
 Call me but love, I will forswear my name,
 And never more be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am :
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and for what?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefor thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more pearl in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes?
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment:
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,
And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers perjuries
They say *Jove* laughs. Oh gentle *Romeo*!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo: but else not for the world.
 In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;
 And therefor thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
 My true love's passion; therefor pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discover'd.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow——

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb;
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
 Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear—although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night;
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
 Ere one can say, it lightens—sweet, good night,
 This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
 Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it
 And yet I would it were to give again.

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Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
Love?

Jul. But to be frank, to give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu.

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good Nurse—Sweet *Mountague*, be true;
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dream!
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose, marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee.
Where, and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam.*

I come, anon—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[*Within: Madam.*] By and by I come—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow I will send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night. [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Enter JULIET again.

Jul. Hift! *Romeo*, hift! O for a falk'ner's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again—
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,——

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her angry tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. *Romeo !*

Rom. *My sweet !*

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then —
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.*

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll stay here to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk-thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night 'till it be morrow. [Exit.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast ;
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Here will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

A MONASTERY.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE with a basket.

Fri. **T**HE grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must fill up this offer cage of ours
 With baleful weeds, and precious, juiced flowers.
 O mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities !
 For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give :
 Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometimes by actions dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
 For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part :
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still
 In man, as well as herbs ; Grace and rude Will :
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good-morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy pillow:
Care keeps his watch on every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep will never bide;
But where with unstuff'd brain unbruised youth
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep resides;
Therefor thy earliness assureth me
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
What is the matter, son?

Rom. I tell thee ere thou ask it me again;
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where to the heart's core one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lie.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On *Juliet*, *Capulet's* fair daughter;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine:
When, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I beg
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy faint *Francis*, what a change is this!
But tell me, son, and call thy reason home,
Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,
Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain?
Be heedful, and see you stop betimes,
Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,
O'er-leaping duty, and each due regard,
Hurry thee on, thro' short-liv'd, dear-bought pleasures,
To cureless woes, and lasting penitence.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not, she whom I love,
Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love;
Do thou with heav'n smile upon our union;

Do not withhold thy benediction from us,
But make two hearts, by holy marriage, one.

Fri. Well, come, my pupil, go along with me,
In one respect I'll give thee my assistance;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, Love stands on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The STREET.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. **W**HERE the devil should this *Romeo* be? came
he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline*, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman of old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a du-

ellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause; ah the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the hay——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents:——Jesu, a very good blade—a very tall man—a very good whore——Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez moy's*?

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: *Dido* a dowdy: *Cleopatra* a gipsy, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thisbe* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.

Enter ROMEO.

Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*, there's a *French* salutation for you.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both.

Mer. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, *Mercutio*, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Enter NURSE and her MAN.

Ben. A fail! a fail!

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. *Peter*.

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, *Peter*.

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face.

Nurse. Good ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

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Mer. Good ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young *Romeo*?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. If you be he, Sir,
I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to supper presently.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd: so ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No, hare, Sir, but a bawd. *Romeo*, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady.

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, *Nurse*, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An' a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; and thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use use me at his pleasure.

[*To her Man.*]

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers——Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into fool's paradise, as they

they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and therefor if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee——

Nurse. Good heart, and i' faith, I will tell her as much; lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon.

And there shall she at friar *Lawrence*' cell
Be shriv'd and married; here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady; lord, lord, when 'twas a little prating thing—Oh, there is a nobleman in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife abroad; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the universal world.

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Rom. Commend me to thy lady—— [*Exit* Romeo.]

Nurse. A thousand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. THE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—
Oh, she is lame; love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.
Therefor do nimble pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefor hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve——
Is three long hours—and yet she is not come;
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.

Enter NURSE.

O heav'n! she comes. O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse——
Oh Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Nurse. I am weary, let me rest a while:
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. Nay, come, I pray thee speak—Good, good nurse, speak.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that.

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: go thy ways, wench, serve God—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no,—but all this did I know before:

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes? what a head have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces;

My back o' th' other side—O my back, my back:

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art so ill;

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love.

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And I warrant a virtuous—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within,

Where should she be? how oddly thou reply'st?

Your love says like an honest gentleman:

Where is your mother——

Nurse. Oh, our lady dear,

Are you so hot? marry, come up! I trow.

Is this the poultice for my aking bones?

Hence-forward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil; come, what says *Romeo*?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie hence to friar *Laurence*' cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks——

Hie you to church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune: honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. SO smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours of sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder:
Which as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefor love mod'rately.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the goffamour,

That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. God-even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. *Romeo* shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it; then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorp'rate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and Servants.

BENVOLIO.

I PRAY thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he
enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the

table, and says, God fend me no need of thee; and by the operation of a second cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; an' there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less in his head than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes; thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*; with another, for tying his shoes with old ribbands? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Enter TIBALT, PETRUCHIO, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tib. Be near at hand, for I will speak to them:
Gentlemen, good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tib. *Mercutio*, thou consort'st with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort? what dost thou make us minstrels! if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-stick, here's that shall make you dance, zounds! consort? [*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
 Either withdraw into some private place,
 Or reason coolly of your grievances,
 Or else depart; here all eyes gazes on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
 I will not budge for one man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tib. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery.

Tib. *Romeo*, the love I bear thee can afford
 No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reason that I have to love thee,
 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
 To such a greeting: villain I am none,
 Therefor farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
 That thou hast done me, therefor turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
 But love thee better than thou canst devise;
 And so, good *Capulet*, (whose name I tender
 As dearly as my own) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
 Ha! *la ffoccata* carries it away—*Tibalt*—you ratcatcher.

Tib. What would thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine
 lives, that I mean to make bold withal: will you pluck
 your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest
 mine be about your ears, ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you, Sir

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado. [*Mer. and Tib. fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*——beat down their weapons.——

Gentlemen——for shame forbear this outrage——

Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*——

[*Exit Tibalt.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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Mer. I am hurt——

A plague of both your houses ! I am sped :
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch, marry, 'tis enough ;
Go, fetch 'a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve : I am pepper'd,
I warrant, for this world—a plague of both your houses !—
What ? a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to
death ; a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the
book of arithmetic ? why the devil came you between us ?
I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, *Benvolio*,
Or I shall faint ; a plague o' both your houses !
They have made worms meat of me,
I have it, and soundly too : plague o' both your houses !
[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

S C E N E II.

Rom. **T**HIS gentleman, the prince's near ally
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation's stain'd
With *Tibalt's* slander : O sweet *Juliet* !
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

*Enter TIBALT.**Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again.*Rom.* Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?

Away to heav'n, respective lenity,

And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

Now, *Tibalt*, take the villain back again,That late thou gav'st me: for *Mercutio*'s soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

And thou or I must keep him company.

Tib. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.*Rom.* This shall determine that. [*They fight, Tibalt falls.*]*Ben.* *Romeo*, away, begone:The citizens are up, and *Tibalt* slain——

Stand not amaz'd; the prince will doom thee death,

If thou art taken: hence, begone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.[*Exit Romeo.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter PRINCE, MOUNTAGUE, CAPULET, Citizens, etc.**Prince.* **W**HERE are the vile beginners of this fray?*Ben.* O noble prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal quarrel:

There lies the man slain by young *Romeo*,That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.*Cap.* Unhappy fight! alas, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman——Now as thou art a prince,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Mountague*.*Prin.* *Benvolio*, who began this fray?*Ben.* *Tibalt*, here slain;*Romeo* bespoke him fair, bid him bethink

ROMEO AND JULIET.

41

How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not make truce with the unruly spleen
Of *Tibalt*, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* breast;
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tibalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts: *Romeo*, he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part! and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from *Tibalt* hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tibalt* slain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* suffer.

Cap. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true;
I beg for justice; justice, gracious prince;
Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mount. *Romeo* but took the forfeit life of *Tibalt*.

Prin. And we for that offence do banish him.
I have an int'rest in your heady brawls,
My blood doth flow from brave *Mercutio's* wounds.
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,

That you shall all repent my loss in him.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuse,
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our repeal:
 Therefore use none, let *Romeo* be gone,
 Else when he is found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET alone.

Jul. G A L L O P apace, you fiery footed steeds,
 To *Phæbus'* mansion; such a waggoner,
 As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the West,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That the run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
 Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
 Come night, come *Romeo*! come thou day in night!
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than snow upon the raven's back:
 Give me my *Romeo*, Night, and when he dies,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun:—
 Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; so tedious is the day,
 As is the night before the festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. Oh, here comes my nurse!

ROMEO AND JULIET.

43

Enter NURSE.

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But *Romeo's* name, speaks heav'nly eloquence;
Now, nurse, what news?
Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone——

Jul. Can heav'n be so envious?

Nurse. *Romeo* can,
Though heav'n cannot. Oh *Romeo! Romeo!*

Jul. What devil art thou, that does torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but ay,
And that bare little word shall poison more
Than the earth-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
Here on his manly breast.—A piteous carcase,
A bloody piteous carcase, pale, pale as ashes,
I swooned at the sight.

Jul. Oh break my heart!——poor bankrupt, break at
once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth resign, and motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy brier!

Nurse. Oh *Tibalt, Tibalt*, the best friend I had;
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tibalt* dead?

Nurse. *Tibalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished.
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. Oh heaven! did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tibalt's* blood?

Nurse. It did, it did, alas the day! it did.

Jul. Oh nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? Oh that deceit should
dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There is no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;
Shame come to *Romeo*!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish; he was not born to shame,
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
Oh what a wretch was I to chide him so?

Nurse. Will you speak well of him, that kill'd your
cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smoothe thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it?
Back foolish tears, back to your native spring:
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives that *Tibalt* would have slain,
And *Tibalt's* dead that would have kill'd my husband;
All this is comfort; wherefor weep I then?
Some word there was worser than *Tibalt's* death
That murder'd me; I would forget it fain,
But oh it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;
Tibalt is dead, and Romeo banished,
That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand *Tibalts*: in that word
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slain, all dead! — *Romeo is banished!*
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

ROMEO AND JULIET.

45

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tibalt's* corpse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears! my eyes shall flow
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Laurence's* cell.

Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true lord,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. **R**OMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such foul company,
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than death can be the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death; do not say banishment;
'Tis death mis-term'd calling death banishment;

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment,
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it-not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives. There's more felicity
In carrion-flies, than *Romeo*: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished!
Oh father, hast thou no strong poison mixt,
Nor sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal.

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak,
I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more——

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered:
Doting like me, and like me banished;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Throwing himself upon the ground.

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thyself.

[*Knock within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Hark, how they knock——*Romeo* arise,
Who's there?

Thou wilt be taken—stay a while,—stand up; [Knocks.

Run to my study—By and by—God's will;

What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come. [Knocks.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my
errand:

I come from lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Oh holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress's case,
Just in her case: Oh *Juliet*, *Juliet*!

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*! how is it with her?
Since I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood,——

Where is she? how does she? what says she?

Nurse. Oh, she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And *Tibalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murder her. Oh tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;

Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts note
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.

Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better-temper'd.

Hast thou not slain *Tibalt*? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee?

What, rouze thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;

Ascend her chamber; hence, and comfort her:

But look thou slay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*,

Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back,

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady,

And bid her hasten all her house to rest,

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all night long
To hear good counsel; oh what learning is!

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bide my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here:

Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief so soon to part with thee,

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E VI

CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. **T**HINGS have fall'n out, Sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tibalt* dearly,
And so did I—Well, we were born to die—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

Par. These times of grief afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night, commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.
But, soft; what day? Well, *Wednesday* is too soon,
On *Thursday* (let it be :) you shall be marry'd.
We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two—
For, hark you, *Tibalt*, being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefor we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday*?

Par. My lord, I would that *Thursday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—on *Thursday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed: [To lady Capulet.
Prepare her, wife, against the wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord—light to my chamber, ho!
Good-night.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

The GARDEN.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above at a window; a ladder of Ropes set.

Jul. **W**ILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops,
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*:
Then stay a while thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow,
I'll say 'tis not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads:
Come death and welcome: *Juliet* wills it so.
What says my love, let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence away, be gone;

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Oh now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our
Farewel, my love; one kiss and I'll be gone. [woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee ev'ry hour in th' day,
For in love's hours there are many days.
O by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*!

Rom. Farewel: I will admit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings to thee, love.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O heav'n! I have an ill divining-soul.
Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt parting from me,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb!
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu!
My life, my love, my soul. Adieu!

S C E N E VIII.

JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. O Fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle.
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
 That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune:
 For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
 But send him back again.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
 What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

Jul. Let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
 One who to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thursday* morn,
 The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
 The County *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* church,
 Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that must be husband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I cannot marry yet.

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears;
Evermore showering? why how now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:
I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife,
How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
(Unworthy as she is,) that we have wrought
So worthy gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. Thank me no thankings,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst *Thursday* next,
To go with *Paris* to St. *Peter's* church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

La. Cap. Fy, fy, what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I'll tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thursday*,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me,
Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding.

Nurse. Heaven blefs her:

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

[early,

La. Cap. Good wife, it makes me mad; day, night, late,
At home, abroad; alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping; still my care hath been
To have her match'd; having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demean; youthful and nobly allied,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But if you will not wed, look to't, think on't,
I do not use to jest—*Thursday* is near.

If you be mine, I'll give you to my friends:
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' th' streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

[Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O sweet, my mother, cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed,
In that dim monument where *Tibalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.

Jul. O heav'n! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
Alack, alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself.

Nurse. Rise, faith here it is:

Romeo is banish'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth:
Then since the case so stands, I think it best
You married with the count.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too,
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen, amen.

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation! Oh most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? go, counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain;
I'll to the friar to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The MONASTERY.**Enter Friar LAWRENCE and PARIS.*

FRIAR.

ON *Thursday*, Sir! the time is very short.*Par.* My father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.*Fri.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this course, I like it not.*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for *Tibalt's* death,
And therefor have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she should give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Now do you know the reason of this haste?*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd,
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.*Enter JULIET.**Par.* Welcome my love, my lady, and my wife.*Jul.* That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.*Par.* That may be, must be, love, on *Thursday* next.*Jul.* What must be, shall be.*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?*Jul.* To answer that were to confess to you:
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, I must intreat the time alone.

Par. Heav'n shield, I should disturb devotion:

Juliet, on *Thursday* early will I rouse you:
Till then adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [Exit Paris.]

Jul. Go, shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou know'st my grief,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it;
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this steel I'll help it presently.

Heav'n join'd my heart and *Romeo's*; thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Give to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefor out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody dagger
Shall play the umpire; —

Speak now, be brief; for I desire to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do espy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If rather than to marry County *Paris*
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thyself,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to free thee from this marriage,
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
 Where roaring bears and savage lions roam:
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead-mens rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapeless skulls,
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
 Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry *Paris*; look thou lye alone.

(Let not thy nurse lye with thee in thy chamber.)

And when thou art alone, take thou this phial,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.
 No warmth, no breath shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be born to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me, tell me not of fear.

[*Taking the phial.*]

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve; I'll send a Friar with speed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall help afford.
Farewel, dear father—

S C E N E II.

CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and NURSE.

Cap. **W**HAT, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?
Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her;
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look!

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you been
gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon; pardon I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow.

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, all things shall be well,
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed, but walk myself to *Paris*,
'T' appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet and lady Capulet.*]

S C E N E III.

JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. **A**Y, those attires are best; but, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heav'ns to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night set up with you;

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Then good night :

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. *[Exeunt.]*

Jul. Farewel—heav'n knows when we shall meet again !
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse—yet what should they do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone :

[Takes out the phial.]

Come, phial—What if this mixture do not work at all ?
Shall I of force be married to the Count ?
No, no, this shall forbid it ; lie thou there——

[Pointing to a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the Friar
Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo* ?
I fear it is ; and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man——
How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Comes to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in ;
And there be strangled ere my *Romeo* comes ?
Or if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but green in earth,

ROMEO AND JULIET,

Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort——)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, with what loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them, run mad.—
Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
(Inviron'd with all these hideous fears,)
And madly play with my forefathers joints,
And pluck the mangled *Tibalt* from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out *Romeo*——Stay, *Tibalt*, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee. [Drinks.
[She throws herself on the bed.

S C E N E IV.

A HALL.

Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. **H**OLD, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
Nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET and Lady, meeting.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; faith you'll be sick to-morrow,
For this night's watching. [Exit.

Cap. No not a whit; what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick. [*Play music.*
The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would.—I hear him near,
Nurse,—wife,—what ho? what, Nurse, I say?

Enter NURSE.

Go waken *Juliet*, go, and trim her up.
I'll go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haste;
Make haste, I say. [*Exit Capulet.*

S C E N E V.

SCENE *draws, and discovers JULIET on a Bed.*

Nurse. MISTRESS, what mistress! *Juliet*—Fast, I
warrant her,

Why, lamb—why, lady—Fy, you slug-a-bed—
Why, love, I say—Madam, sweet-heart—why, bride—
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
That you shall rest but little—God forgive me—
Marry and amen—How sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her: madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed—
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes—and down again!
I must needs wake you: lady, lady, lady,—
Alas, alas! help! help! my lady's dead,
O well a-day, that ever I was born!
Ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look,—oh, heavy day!

Cap. Oh me, my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

Help, help! call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring *Juliet* forth, her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead; she's dead: alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me see her——Out alas, she's cold,
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old-man!

Enter Friar LAURENCE, and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before the wedding-day
Death has embrac'd thy wife: see there she lies,
Flower as she was, nipp'd in the bud by him!
Oh *Juliet*, oh my child, my child!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this;

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day.

Cap. Most miserable hour, that Time ere saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to enjoy and solace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight.

Fri. Your daughter lives in peace and happiness;
Heav'n and yourself had part in this fair maid,
Now Heav'n hath all—dry up your fruitless tears:
Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corps;
And, as the custom of our country is,
Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.

Cap. All things that we ordain'd to festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral :
Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
And bridal flowers serve for a burial coarse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him ;
And go, Sir *Paris*, every one prepare,
To follow this fair coarse unto her grave.
The heav'ns do low'r upon you, for some ill ;
Move them no more by crossing their high will. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The inside of a Church.

Enter the funeral procession of JULIET, in which
the following Dirge is sung.

CHORUS.

RISE, rise !
Heart-breaking sighs,
The woe-fraught bosom swell ;
For sighs alone,
And dismal moan,
Should echo Juliet's kneel.

AIR.

She's gone—the sweetest flow'r of May,
That blooming blest our sight ;
Those eyes which shone like breaking day,
Are set in endless night !

ROMEO AND JULIET.

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! etc.

AIR.

*She's gone, she's gone, nor leaves behind
So fair a form, so pure a mind;
How could'st thou, Death, at once destroy,
The Lover's hope, the Parent's joy?*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! etc.

AIR.

*Thou spotless soul, look down below,
Our unfeign'd sorrow see;
Oh give us strength to bear our woe,
To bear the loss of thee!*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! etc.

SCENE II.

MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

IF I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord fits lightly on his throne,
And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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Enter BELTHASAR.

News from *Verona*—How now, *Balthasar*?

Dost thou bring me letters from the Friar?

How doth my lady? is my father well?

How doth my *Juliet*? that I ask again,

For nothing can be ill if she be well?

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,

Her body sleeps in *Capulet's* monument,

And her immortal part with angels lives:

I saw her carried to her kindred's vault,

And presently took post to tell it you:

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars—

Bal. My lord!

Rom. Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import

Some misadventure.

Rom. Go, thou art deceiv'd;

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:

Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal. No, good my lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,

And hire those horses, I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*]

Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to-night;—

Let's see for means—O mischief! thou art swift

To enter in the thought of desperate men!

I do remember an Apothecary,

And hereabouts he dwells, who late I noted

In tatter'd weeds with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff, and other skins
 Of ill shap'd-fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes;
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
 Noting his penury, to myself I said,
 An' if a man did need a poison now,
 Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him.
 Oh this same thought did but forerun my need!
 As I remember this should be the house.
 Being holy-day the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls aloud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I see that thou art poor;
 Hold, there are forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
 As will disperse itself thro' all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may soon die.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
 Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich:
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents. [Exit.]

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

[Apothecary returns.]

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to mens souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordial, and not poison, go with me
To *Juliet's* grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The Monastery at VERONA.

Enter Friar JOHN to Friar LAWRENCE.

John. HOLY *Franciscan* Friar ! brother ! ho !

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar

John.

Welcome from *Mantua* ? what says *Romeo* ?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick ;

And finding him, the searchers of the town,

(Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign)

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,

So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo* ?

John. I could not send it ; here it is again,

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[Exit,

Law. Now must I to the monument alone:
Within these three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit,

S C E N E IV.

*A Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to
the CAPULETS.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page with a light.

Par. **G**IVE me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen;
Under yon' yew-tree lay thee all along,
Placing thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure.

[Exit.

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Par. Sweet flow'rs ! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strow ;

[Strewing flowers.]

Fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,

Accept this latest favour at my hand,

That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,

With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb. *[The boy whistles.]*

—The boy gives warning, something doth approach—

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies ? and true loves rite ?

What, with a torch ? muffle me, night, a while.

[Paris retires.]

S C E N E V.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a light.

Rom. **G**IVE me the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter, early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Put out the torch, and, on thy life, I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my lady's face :

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,

A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear employment ; therefor hence, be gone :

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs ;

The time and my intents are savage, wild,

More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same I'll hide me near this place;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Exit.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth;
Thus I enforce thy rotten joys to open.

[Breaking open the monument.]

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. *[Shewing himself.]* Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile
Mountague;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemn'd villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefor came I hither——
Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me:

By heav'n, I love thee better than myself;
For I came hither arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defy thy pity and thy counsel,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[They fight, Paris falls.]

Page. Oh lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruse this face——
Mercutio's kinsman! noble County *Paris*!

Give my thy hand,——

One writ with me in four misfortune's book;
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,
For here lies *Juliet*——Oh my love, my wife!
Death that hath suckt the honey of my breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Oh *Juliet*, why art thou yet so fair—here, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary flesh:
 Come bitter conduct, come unfav'ry guide,
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark:
 No more—here's to my love!—eyes, look your last;

[*Drinking the poison.*

Arms, take your last embrace: and lips, do you
 The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss:—
 Soft—she breathes, and stirs! [Juliet wakes.

Jul. Where am I? defend me!

Rom. She speaks, she lives! and we shall still be blest'd!
 My kind propitious stars o'erpay me now
 For all my sorrows past—rise, rise, my *Juliet*,
 And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
 Quick let me snatch thee to thy *Romeo's* arms,
 There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,
 And call thee back to life and love [Takes her hand.

Jul. Bless me! how cold it is! who's there!

Rom. Thy husband,
 'Tis thy *Romeo*, *Juliet*; rais'd from despair
 To joys unutt'able! quit, quit this place,
 And let us fly together— [Brings her from the tomb.

Jul. Why do you force me so?—I'll ne'er consent—
 My strength may fail me, but my will's unmov'd,—
 I'll not wed *Paris*,—*Romeo* is my husband—

Rom. Her senses are unsettl'd—Heav'n restore 'em!

Romeo is thy husband; I am that *Romeo*,
Nor all the opposing pow'rs of earth or man,
Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.

Jul. I know that voice—Its magic sweetness wakes
My tranced soul—I now remember well
Each circumstance—Oh my lord, my husband—

[*Going to embrace him.*]

Dost thou avoid me, *Romeo*? let me touch
Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips—
You fright me—speak—O let me hear some voice
Besides my own in this drear vault of death,
Or I shall faint—support me—

Rom. Oh I cannot,
I have no strength, but want thy feeble aid:
Cruel poison!

Jul. Poison! what means my lord; thy trembling voice!
Pale lips! and swimming eyes! death's in thy face!

Rom. It is indeed—I struggle with him now—
The transports that I felt to hear thee speak,
And see thy op'ning eyes, stopt for a moment
His impetuous course, and all my mind
Was happiness and thee; but now the poison
Rushes thro' my veins—I've not time to tell—
Fate brought me to this place—to take a last,
Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.

Jul. Die! was the Friar false?

Rom. I know not that—

I thought thee dead: distracted at the sight,
(Fatal speed) drank poison, kiss'd thy cold lips,
And found within thy arms a precious grave—
But in that moment—Oh—

Jul. And did I wake for this!

Rom. My powers are blasted,

'Twixt death and life I'm torn—I am distracted!
But death's strongest—and must I leave thee, *Juliet*!
Oh cruel cursed fate! in sight of heav'n—

Jul. Thou rav'st—lean on my breast—

Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em.
Nature pleads in vain—Children must be wretched—

Jul. Oh my breaking heart—

Rom. She is my wife—our hearts are twin'd together—
Capulet forbear—*Paris*, loose your hold—
Pull not our heart-strings thus—they crack—they break—
Oh *Juliet*! *Juliet*!

[Dies.

Jul. Stay, stay, for me, *Romeo*—

A moment stay; fate marries us in death,
And we are one—no pow'r shall part us.

[Faints on *Romeo*'s body.

Enter *Friar LAWRENCE* with *Lanthorn*, *Crow*, and *Spade*,

Fri. St. *Francis* be my speed! how oft to-night,
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? who's there?
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre!

Jul. Who's there?

Fri. Ah *Juliet* awake, and *Romeo* dead!
And *Paris* too—Oh what unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

Jul. Here he is still, and I will hold him fast,
They shall not tear him from me—

Fri. Patience, lady—

Jul. Who is that? O thou cursed *Friar*! patience!
Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me!

Fri. O fatal error! rise, thou fair distressed,
And fly this scene of death!

Jul. Come thou not near me,

Or this dagger shall quit my *Romeo's* death !

[*Draws a dagger.*

Fri. I wonder not thy griefs have made thee desp'rate.
What noise without ? sweet *Juliet*, let us fly —

A greater power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents—come, haste away,
I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :

Stay not to question—for the watch is coming,
Come, go, good *Juliet*—I dare not longer stay. [Exit.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, I will not away—
What's here ! a phial—*Romeo's* timeless end.
O churl drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after—I will kiss thy lips,
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them—[Kisses him.

[WATCH and PAGE within.]

Watch. Lead, boy, which way —

Jul. Noise again !

Then I'll be brief—O happy dagger !
This is thy sheath, there rest and let me die. [Kills herself.

Boy. This is the place—my liege.

Enter PRINCE, etc.

Prin. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from its morning's rest ;

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad !
The people in the street cry *Romeo* ;
Some *Juliet* ; and some *Paris* ; and all run
With open outcry tow'rd's our monument.

Prin. What fear is this, which startles in your ears ?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead—*Juliet* thought dead before
Is warm and newly kill'd—

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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Cap. Oh me, this fight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MOUNTAGUE.

Prin. Come, *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early fall'n——

Mount. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night,
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What farther woe conspires against my age?

Prin. Look there—and see

Mount. Oh thou untaught, what manners is in this,
(To press before thy father to a grave!

Prin. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring and head—mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience:
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest.

Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know of this.

Fri. Let us retire from this dread scene of death,
And I'll unfold the whole; if ought in this
Mischance by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd some hour before its time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prin. We still have known thee for a holy man:
Where be these enemies, *Capulet*! *Mountague*!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate.

Cap. Oh brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure: for no more
Can I demand.

Mount. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while *Verona* by that name is known,

There shall no figure at that rate be priz'd,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his lady lie.
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prin. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings ;
Let *Romeo's* man and let the boy attend us :
We'll hence and scan these sad disasters :
Well may you mourn, my lords, (now wise too late)
These tragic issues of your mutual hate :
From private feuds, what dire misfortunes flow ;
Whate'er the cause, the sure effect is Woe.

End of ROMEO and JULIET.

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

With ALTERATIONS.

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CHARLES L. L. M.

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WITH ALLEGATIONS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE admirers of *Shakespear* must not take it ill that there are some scenes, and consequently many fine passages, omitted in this edition of CYMBELINE. It was impossible to retain more of the Play, and bring it within the compass of a night's entertainment. The chief alterations are in the division of the acts, in the shortening many parts of the original, and transposing some scenes. As the Play has met with so favourable a reception from the public, it is hoped that the alterations have not been made with great impropriety.

N B. The scene printed in *Italic* in the fifth act was omitted in the representation after the first night, but it is thought proper to print it.

The PERSONS.

M E N.

CYMBELINE, <i>King of Britain.</i>	Mr. Davies.
Cloten, <i>Son to the Queen by a former Husband.</i>	Mr. King.
Leonatus Posthumus, <i>a Gentleman in Love with the Princess, and privately married to her.</i>	Mr. Garrick.
Guiderius, { <i>Disguised under the Names of Polidore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Bellarius.</i>	Mr. Obrian.
Arviragus, {	Mr. Palmer.
Bellarius, <i>a banish'd Lord disguis'd under the Name of Morgan.</i>	Mr. Havard.
Philario, <i>an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.</i>	Mr. Kennedy.
Iachimo, <i>Friend to Philario.</i>	Mr. Holland.
Caius Lucius, <i>Ambassador from Rome.</i>	Mr. Bransby.
Pisanio, <i>Servant to Posthumus.</i>	Mr. Packer.
<i>A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.</i>	Mr. Scrase.
Cornelius, <i>a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.</i>	Mr. Burton.
Two Gentlemen.	{ Mr. Ackman. Mr. Fox.

W O M E N.

Queen, <i>Wife to Cymbeline.</i>	Mrs. Bennet.
Imogen, <i>Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.</i>	Miss Bride.
Helen, <i>Woman to Imogen.</i>	Miss Hippisley.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, partly in Rome; partly in Britain.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Palace.**Enter PISANIO and a GENTLEMAN.*

PISANIO.

YOU do not meet a man but frowns. Our looks
 No more obey the hearts than our courtiers;
 But seem, as does the king's.

Gent. But what's the matter?

Pis. Are you so fresh a stranger to ask that:
 His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom (whom
 He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
 That late he married) hath referr'd himself
 Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman. She's wedded,
 Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
 Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
 Be touch'd at very heart.

Gent. None but the king?

Pis. There is not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart, that is not
 Glad at the thing he scowl at.

Gent. And why so?

Pis. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
 Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,

(I mean that marry'd her,) is a creature, such,
As to seek through the regions of the earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him that should compare.

Gent. His name and birth?

Pis. That I can well inform you, having liv'd
A faithful servant in the family.
His father was *Sicilius*, who serv'd
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*,
And gain'd the sur-addition *Leonatus*.
He had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' th' time
Dy'd with their swords in hand. For which their father,
Then old, and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministred,
His Spring became a Harvest: he liv'd in court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature,
A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards.

Gent. I honour him, even out of your report.
But to my mistress, is she the sole child to the king?

Pis. His only child.

He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three years old,
I' th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery

Were stol'n, and to this hour, no guess in knowlege
Which way they went.

Gent. How long is this ago?

Pis. Some twenty years.

Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them——

Pis. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may be well laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

Gent. I do well believe you.

Pis. Here comes my lord,
The queen, and princess, you must forbear.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Ill-ey'd unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys,
That lock up your restraint. For you, good *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you,

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [Exit.]

Imo. Dissembling curtesy! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! my dearest husband,
You must be gone,

And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes : not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!

O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man, I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth :
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter ; thither write, my love.
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you ;
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way ; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow. Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little.

Were you but riding forth to air yourself
Such parting were too petty. Look here, my Love,
This diamond was my mother's : take it, Heart,
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead. *Post.* How, how? Another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the ring.*

While sense can keep thee on : And sweetest, fairest,

As I, my poor self, did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss : so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.]

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods !

When shall we meet again ?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my sight :
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away !
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court :
I am gone.

[Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Pisanio, go see your lord on board.

[Exit Pisanio.]

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me. *Imo.* I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation,
I am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen.

Imo. O, blest, that I might not !

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar, would'st have made my
A feat for baseness.

[throne.]

Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one ! *Imo.* Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved *Posthumus* :

You bred him as my play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; heav'n restore me: would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Posthumus*
Our neighbour-shepherd's son.

Enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet sovereign,
Make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Die of this folly.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Fy, fy, you must give way—here is *Pisano*,

Enter PISANIO.

Your faithful servant, and I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

[*Exit Queen.*

Imo. Well, good *Pisano*.

Thou saw'st thy lord on board; what was the last
That he spake to thee.

Pis. 'Twas his lovely princess.

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear,

Distinguish him from others, he did keep
 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief:
 Still waving, as the fit and stirs of's mind
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
 How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left
 To after-eye him. *Pis.* Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
 Crack'd them but to look upon him; till the diminution
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
 Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
 Then turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good *Pisanio*,
 When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
 With his next 'vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell him
 How I would think on him at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
 The she's of *Italy* shall not betray
 Mine interest, in his honour; or have charg'd him
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, or at midnight,
 T' encounter me with oraisons, (for then
 I am in heav'n for him;) or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing. See the queen.
 Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter QUEEN and CORNELIUS, with a Phial.

Queen. Now master doctor, have you brought these
 drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay;
But I beseech your grace, without offence
My conscience bids me ask, wherefor you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long? I will but try the force
And vigour of thy compounds, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their virtues and effects.

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal; upon him [*Aside.*]
Will I first work. He's for his master's sake
An enemy to my son. A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord. How now, *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam. [*Aside.*]
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a word. [*To Pisanio.*]

Cor. I will not trust one of her malice, with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense a while,
But there is no danger in that shew of death,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou! dost thou think in
She will not quench, and let instructions enter [*time*]
Where folly now possesses? do you work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then

As great as is thy master; greater; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp; and what shalt thou expect
 To be depend on a thing that leans?
 Who cannot be new built, and has no friends
 So much, as but to prompt him? thou takest up

[*Pisanio looking on the phial.*]

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
 It is a thing I make, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
 What is more cordial. Nay, I pry'thee take it,
 It is an earnest of a farther good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't as from thyself;
 I'll move the king,
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire: think on my words.—

I have given him that, [*Aside.*]
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet; and which she after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too. Fare thee well, *Pisanio.*

Think on my words. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pis. And shall do;

But when to my good lord, I prove untrue,
 I'll choak myself; there's all I'll do for you.
 By this is he at *Rome*, and good *Philario*,
 With open arms, and grateful heart, receives
 His friend's reflected image in his son,
 Old *Leonatus* in young *Posthumus*:
 Sweet *Imogen*, what thou endur'st the while,
 Betwixt thy father by thy step-dame govern'd;
 A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer;
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is

Of thy dear husband—heaven keep unshaken
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

PHILARIO'S *House in Rome.*

PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a FRENCHMAN, at a Banquet.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*; and he was then but crescent, not expressed to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments have been tabled by his side, and I peruse him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there could behold the sun, with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be so entertained amongst

you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for curtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did attone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country-mistresses. This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible than any, the rarest of our ladies in *France*.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iac. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand in hand com-

parison, had been something too fair, and too good for any lady in *Britain*; if she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlusters many I have beheld, I could believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your paragon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n too; so of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a, that way, accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger to me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pardon the moiety of my estate, to your ring, which in my opinion o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too. *[Angrily.]*

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? let there be covenants drawn between

us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinkings. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one; if I bring you not sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress; my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are yours, provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions, let us have articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and I'll strait away for *Britain*, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*A Chamber in the Palace.**Enter IMOGEN alone.*

Imo. **A** FATHER cruel, and a stepdame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
 Vexations of it—had I been thief stol'n,
 As my two brothers, happy; but most miserable
 Is the degree that's glorious. Blessed be those,
 How mean so-e'er that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be?

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
 The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
 You're kindly welcome.

[Reads aside.

Iach. All of her that is out of door, most rich!
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
 She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend;
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot;

*[Aside.**Imogen reads.*

He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tyed. Respect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady;
What, are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twin'd stones
Upon the humble beach? and can we not
Partition make 'twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i' th' judgment;
For ideots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definit. Nor in th' appetite——

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire;
Ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well; beseech you, Sir,
Desire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange and sheepish. *Pis.* I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit Pisanio.

Imo. Continues well my lord
His health, beseech you? *Iach.* Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamefome; he is call'd

The *Britain* reveller. *Imo*. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that it seems much loves
A *Gallian*-girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him, while the jolly *Britain*,
(Your lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries oh!—
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knows
By history, report, or his own proof
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage? *Imo*. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter;
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*:
But heav'n knows some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, whom I account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too. *Imo*. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily. *Imo*. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity? *Iach*. Lamentable! what
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by snuff? *Imo*. 'Pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on't. *Imo.* You do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
 (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do;) discover to me
 What doth you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
 To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 Whose very touch would force the feeler's soul
 To th' oath of loyalty; this object which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd then,)
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the capitol? join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falshood, as with labour?
 Then glad myself by peeping in an eye
 Base and unlust'rous as the smoaky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow? it were fit
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt. *Imo.* My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot *Britain*. *Iach.* And himself; not I
 Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
 That from my muteest conscience, to my tongue
 Charm this report out. *Imo.* Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your case doth strike my heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
 So fair, and fastened to an empery,
 Would make the great'st king double; to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd venturers
 To play with all infirmities for gold,
 Which rottenness lends nature! be reveng'd,
 Or she, that bore you was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd?

How should I be reveng'd if this be true?

As I have such a heart, that both mine ears

Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,

How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Shou'd he make me

Live like *Diana's* priestess 'twixt cold sheets;

Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps

In your despight, upon your purse! revenge it.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,

More noble than that runagate to your bed,

And will continue fast to your affection,

Still close, as sure. *Imo.* What ho, *Pisanio!*—

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears that have

So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not

For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange;

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far

From thy report, as thou from honour; and

Sollicit'st here a lady, that disdains

Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, *Pisanio!*—

The king my father shall be made acquainted

Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,

A saucy stranger in his court, to mart

As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound

His beastly mind to us; he hath a court

He little cares for, and a daughter, whom

He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio!*—

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say!

The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,

Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness

Her assur'd credit; blessed live you long,

A lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever

Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
 That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
 That he enchants societies into him:
 Half all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He fits 'mongst men, like a descended God;
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report;
 The love I bear him,

Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir, take my power i' th' court for yours.

Imach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
 T' intreat your grace, but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord; myself, and other noble friends
 Are partners in the business. *Imo.* Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your lord
 (The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums
 To buy a present for the emperor:
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
 Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
 To take them in protection. *Imo.* Willingly;
 And pawn mine honour for their safety; since
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them

In my chamber. *Iach.* They are in a coffer
 Attended by my men: I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night;
 I must abroad to-morrow. *Imo.* O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word
 By lengthening my return. From *Gallia*,
 I crost the seas on purpose, and on promise
 To see your grace. *Imo.* I thank you for your pains;
 But not away to-morrow. *Iach.* O, I must, madam.
 Therefor I beseech you, if you please
 To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night;
 I have out-staid my time, which is material
 To th' tender of our present. *Imo.* I will write:
 Send your coffer to me, it shall be safe kept,
 And truly yielded you: you're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter CLOTTEN, and two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd
 the *Jack* upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had an hur-
 dred pound on't; and then a whorson Jack-an-apes must
 take me up for swearing, as if I had borrow'd mine oaths
 of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his pate
 with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it; it
 would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clot. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not
 for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord: nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? would he

had been one of my rank! Pox on't. I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother; every Jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock, that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No: I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Clot. Good-night to your majesty, and gracious mother.

Cymb. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. She vouchsafes no notice; but I will assail her before morning with mask and music.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Enter Messenger, and whispers the first Lord.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter.

1 *Lord.* So like you, Sir, ambassadors from Rome,
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cymb. A worthy fellow,
Albeit, he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his; our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us, we shall have need
T'employ you towards this Roman.

Betimes to-morrow we'll hear th' embassy.

Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt King and Queen.*]

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of another stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. Another stranger, and I know not on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus'* friends.

Clot. *Leonatus!* a banish'd rascal; and he's another, where-foever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefor cannot derogate.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. Come I'll go see this *Italian*, and if he'll play, I'll game with him, and to-morrow with our Father, we'll hear th' ambassador—Come let's go.

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship. [*Exit Clot. and 1 Lord.*]

2 *Lord.* That such a crafty devil as is his mother, Should yield the world this afs; a woman that Bears all down with her brain, and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A magnificent Bed Chamber, in one part of it a large Trunk.

IMOGEN is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. **W**HO's there? My woman, Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have had three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left, to bed——
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee call me——Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye.

To your protection I commend me, Gods.

[Sleeps.]

[Iachimo rises from the Coffer.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss——Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't——'Tis her breathing
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclos'd lights now canopy'd

Under the windows, white and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heav'n's own tinct—but my design's
 To note the chamber—I will write all down,
 Such, and such pictures—there the window,—such
 Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
 Why such, and such—and the contents o' th' story—
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, t' enrich my inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off,—

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
 'Tis mine, as this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted—Like the crimson drops
 I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. More—to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late,
 The tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where *Philomele* gave up—I have enough,
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 May bear its raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. *[Clock strikes.]*
 One, two, three: time, time.

[He goes into the trunk, the scene closes.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord.* **Y**OUR lordship is the most patient man in loss,
the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold so to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; you are most hot and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* It is, my lord.

Clot. I would the maskers and musicians were come. I am advis'd to give her music a' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

[*A flourish.*]

1 *Lord.* Here they are, my lord.

Clot. Come lets join them.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*An open Place in the Palace.**CLOTEN, Lords, Singers and Maskers discovered.*

Clot. **C**OME on; tune, first, a very excellent good conceited thing, after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark, the lark at heav'ns gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,*

His flocks to water at those springs,

On chalic'd flow'rs that lyes:

And winking mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes,

With every thing that pretty is, my lady sweet arise,

Arise, arise!

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend. Come, now to our dancing, and if she is immoveable with this, she is an immoveable princess, and not worth my notice.

(A dance.)

[Knocks at her door.]

Clot. Leave us to ourselves.

[Exeunt Lords, etc.]

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream: by your leave ho!
I know her women are about her——what
If I do line one of their hands——'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than those whose taylors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person, is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good. The princess.

Enter IMOGEN.

Clot. Good-morrow fairest. Sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, Sir, you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but say so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not. *Clot.* This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad.
That cures us both. I am sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
But I who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you.

Clot. The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' court,) it is no contract, none.

Imo. Prophane fellow:

Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom.

Clot. The south-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer
In my respect, than all thou hast to boast of.
How now, *Pisanio*? [Missing her bracelet.

Enter PISANIO.

Clot. His garment? now the devil.

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Fretted, and angered worse—Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any kings in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kiss'd it then——

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search. [Exit *Pisanio*.

Clot. You have abus'd me—His meanest garment!—
I will inform your father. *Imo.* Your mother too;
She's my good lady: and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;
His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*A Chamber in Rome.**Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

POSTHUMUS.

FEAR it not, Sir ; I would I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
 Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
 That warmer days would come, in these fear'd hopes,
 I barely gratify your love ; they failing
 I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
 O'er pays all I can do. By this your king
 Hath heard of great *Augustus* ; *Caius Lucius*
 Will do's commission throughly. And I think
 He'll grant the tribute ; ere your countrymen,
 Will look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief. *Post.* I do believe,
 Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
 That this will prove a war, they'll send no tribute ;
 Our countrymen the *Britons*
 Are men more order'd than when *Julius Cesar*
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
 Now mingled with their courage, will make known
 To their approvers, they are people, such
 As mend upon the world ; and more than that,

They have a KING, whose love and justice to them
May ask and have their treasures, and their blood.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phil. See, *Iachino*.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble. *Phil.* Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return. *Iach.* Your lady,
Is one of the fairest I look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like. [*Posthumus reads the letters.*]

Phil. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *British* court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expect'd then,
But not approach'd. *Post.* All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I'd lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, as
Was mine in *Britain*, for the ring is won,

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy. *Post.* Make not, Sir,
Your loss, your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,

If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with our ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
Your sword or mine, or master's leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
They need it not. *Post.* Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching, it was hang'd
With richest stuff, the colours blue and silver:
A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value.

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other. *Iach.* More particulars
Must justify my knowledge. *Post.* So they must,
Or do your honour injury. *Iach.* The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the painter,

Was as another nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted.

Post. What's this t' her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
(Praise be to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber; nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [Pulling out the Bracelets.
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. *Post.* Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She strip'd it from her arm, I see her yet.
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off to send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!—

Phil. Have patience, Sir,

And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won.
 It may be probable she lost it; or
 Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
 Hath stoll'n it from her. *Post.* Very true,
 And so I hope he came by't; back my ring,
 Render me some corporal sign about her
 More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
 'Tis true—nay keep the ring—'tis true; I am sure
 She could not lose it; her attendants are
 All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
 And by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her,
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this: she hath bought the name of whore, thus dearly.
 There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;
 This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
 Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't;
 She hath been colted by him. *Iach.* If you seek
 For further satisfying; under her breast,
 Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life
 I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her? *Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm
 Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic.
 Ne'er count the turns: once and a million.

Iach. I'll be sworn——*Post.* No swearing:

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If you will swear you have not done't, you lye,
And I will quit thee if thou dost deny
Thou'lt made her strumpet.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal;
I will go there, and do't i' th' court before
Her father—I'll do something—

[*Exit.*

Phil. Quite besides

The government of patience. You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A Chamber.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. **I**S there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half workers? we are bastards all,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was, I know not where,
When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit, yet my mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time, so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*—
That I thought her
As chaste as unsun'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour—was't not?—

Or less: at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full acorn'd boar, a *German* one,—
 O! torture to my mind. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me, for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice-longing, slanders, mutability:
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why hers, in part, or all; or rather all. For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Palace.

*Enter in State, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and
 Lords at one door: and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and
 Attendants.*

Cym. **N**OW say, what would *Augustus Caesar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Caesar* was in *Britain*,
Cassibelan, thine uncle, did for him,
 And his succession, grant to *Rome* a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd. *Queen.* And to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever. *Clot.* There be many *Caesars*,

Ere such another *Julius*: Britain's a world
By itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Tribute? why should we pay tribute? If *Cesar* can hide the
sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon into his poc-
ket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, Sir, no more
tribute. *Cym.* You must know,
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort

This tribute, we were free. Say then to *Cesar*

Our ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of *Cesar*;
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise,
Shall by the power we hold be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefor angry.

Luc. I am sorry,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cesar*
Cymbeline's enemy. War and confusion
In *Cesar's* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, *Caius*.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with
us a day, or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in
other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if
you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adven-
ture, our crows shall fare the better for you: and there's an
end. *Luc.* So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:

All the remain, is welcome. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

*A Chamber.**Enter PISANIO reading a Letter.*

Pis. **H**OW? of adultery? wherefor write you not
 What monsters have accused her? *Leonatus!*
 Oh master, what a strange infection
 Is fall'n into thy ear? what false *Italian*,
 As poisonous tongu'd, as handled, hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing? disloyal? no,
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes
 More goddess-like, than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. Oh, my master,
 Thy mind to her, is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her,
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command!—I her!—her blood!
 If it be so, to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—* [the letter reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity. Damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee: lo here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord! that is my lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;

He'd lay the future open. You good Gods,
 Let what is here contain'd, relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content.
 Good wax, thy leave: blest be
 You bees that make these locks of counsel.
 Good news, gods.

Reading.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love.

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
 He is at *Milford-Haven*. Read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, say *Pisanio*,
 How far it is to this same blessed *Milford*?
 How may we steal from hence: pr'ythee speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun, and sun,
 Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: but this is foolery.
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 She'll home to her father, and provide me present
 A riding suit: no costlier than would fit
 A *Franklin's* housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man? nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,

That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accesseible is none but *Milford* way.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Forest with a Cave.

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. **A** Goodly day, not to keep house with such,
Whose roof's as low as ours: see, boys! this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbants on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts of princes, of the tricks in war;
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort shall we find
The sharded beetle, in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh this life,
Is nobler than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we poor unfledg'd
 Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor know not
 What air's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
 If life is best; sweeter to you
 That have a sharper known: well corresponding
 With your stiff age; but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed,
 A prison for a debtor, that none dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark *December*? How,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? we have seen nothing.

Bel. How you speak?
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
 As hard to leave, as keep, whose tomb to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that
 The fear's as bad as falling. The toil o' th' war,
 A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
 I' th' name of Fame and Honour; which dies i' th' search,
 And hath as oft a stand'rous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many time,
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
 Must curt'sie at the censure. O boys, this story
 The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
 With *Roman* fwords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
 And when a soldier was the theam, my name

Was not far off : then was I as a tree
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
 A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was confederate with the *Romans*: so
 Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years,
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world,
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
 More pious debts to heav'n, than in all
 The fore-end of my time,—But, up to th' mountains,
 This is not hunter's language; he that strikes
 The venison first, shall be lord o' the feast,
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we shall fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state :

I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature ?

These boys know little they are sons to th' king,
 And *Cymbeline* dreams not they are alive.

They think they're mine, and tho' train'd up thus meanly
 I' th' cave there on the brow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
 In simple and low things, to prince it much
 Beyond the trick of others. This *Polidore*,
 (The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
 The king his father call'd *Guiderius*) *Jove* !
 When on thy three foot-stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story, say thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on's neck, even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, *Cadwal*,
 (Once *Arviragus*) in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd —
 O *Cymbeline*! heav'n and my conscience know
 Thou did'st unjustly banish me, whereon
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
 Thou wast their nurse, they take thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave;
 Myself *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

The Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and
 Lords.

Cym. T H U S far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir;

I am right sorry, that I must report you
 My master's enemy. I desire of you
 A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven*.

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
 The due of honour in no point omit;
 So farewell, noble *Lucius*. *Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly, but from this time forth
 I wear it as your enemy. *Luc.* Sir, the event
 Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well. [Exit *Luc. etc.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britons* have their wishes in it.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter; she has not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty,
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance. [Exit 1st Lord.

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter 1st Lord.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? how
Can her contempt be answered?

1 Lord. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory. *Cym.* Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant, heavens! that which I fear
Prove false.

[Exit.

Queen. Son, I say; follow the king.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisano*, her old servant
I have not seen these two days.

[Exit.

Queen. Go look after —

Pisano, he that stand'st so for *Posthumus*! —

He has a drug of mine; I pray his absence

Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes

It is a thing most precious. But for her,

Where is she gone? haply despair hath seiz'd her;

Or wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown

To her desired *Posthumus*; gone she is

To death, or to dishonour, and my end

Can make good use of either. She being down

I have the placing of the *British* crown.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

A Wood.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. **T**HOU told'st me when we came from horse the
place

Was near at hand: O where is *Posthumus*

Say, good *Pisano*? what is in thy mind

That makes thee stare thus? one but painted thus

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd

Beyond self-explication. What's the matter?

Why tender'st thou that paper to me?

If't be summer news,

Smile to't before; if winterly thou need'st

But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?

That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-crafted him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read,
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

*THY mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed:
 the testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak
 surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as
 I expect my revenge. That part, thou Pisanio, must act for me,
 if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own
 hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford
 Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear
 to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to
 her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*, whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
 All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a funeral dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed.

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, *Iachimo*;
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,
 Thou then look'st like a villain: now, methinks,

Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*,
 Whose feathers were her painting, hath betrayed him.
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
 I must be ript; to pieces with me: oh,
 Mens vows are womens traitors. All good seeming
 By thy revolt, oh, husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany

Pis. Good madam, hear me——

Imo. Come, fellow, be thou honest,
 Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
 A little witness my obedience. Look,
 I draw the sword myself, take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
 Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief:
 Thy master is not there, who was indeed
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause:
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument,
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why I must die.
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart—
 something's afore't—Soft, soft, we'll no defence;
 What is here, [Opening her breast.
 The scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

[Pulling his letter out of her breast.
 Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart: pr'ythee dispatch,
 The lamb intreats the butcher. Where's the knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too. *Pis.* O gracious lady!
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefor then, didst undertake it?

Why hast thou gone so far
 To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 Th' elected deer before thee? *Pis.* But to win time
 To lose so bad employment, in the which
 I have consider'd of a course; good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak;
 I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. It cannot be.

But that my master is abus'd, some villain,
 Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
 This cursed injury. *Imo.* Some Roman courtesan?

Pis. No, on my life;
 I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it. For 'tis commanded
 I should do so; you shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow;
 What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
 Or in my life what comfort, when I am
 Dead to my husband? *Pis.* If you'll back to th' court.

Imo. No court, no father;

Pis. If not a court,
 Then not in *Britain* must you bide. Where then?

Imo. Hath *Britain* all the sun that shines?

There's living out of *Britain*. *Pis.* I am most glad
 You think of other place: th' ambaffador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*,
 To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mien
 Dark as your fortune is, you should tread a courfe
 Pretty, and full of view; yea, happily, near
 The refidence of *Posthumus*; fo nigh, at leaft,
 That though his action were not vifible, yet
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,
 As truly as he moves. *Imo.* Oh for means,
 Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
 I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, there's the point:
 You muft forget to be a woman, change
 Command into obedience; fear and nicenefs,
 The handmaids of all women, or more truly
 Woman its pretty felf, into a waggifh courage,
 Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, faucy, and
 As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you muft
 Forget that rareft treasure of your cheek,
 Expofing it (but oh the harder heart,
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kiffing *Titan*; and forget
 Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great *Juno* angry. *Imo.* Nay, be brief:
 I fee into thy end, and am almoft
 A man already.

Pis. Firft, make yourfelf but like one,
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in your cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hofe, all
 That answer to them. Would you in your ferving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of fuch a feafon, 'fore noble *Lucius*

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him so,
(If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable;
And doubling that, most holy. For means abroad,
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest being mis'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a phial glass
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a taste of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

[*Exeunt.*

Imo. Amen, I thank thee.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Palace.

Enter CLOTEN.

CLOTEN.

I LOVE and hate her; for she's fair and royal,
I love her, but
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgment,
I will conclude to hate her.

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? ah you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my lord.

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?

Clot. Where is she, Sir? satisfy me home,
What is become of her? *Pis.* Oh, my all worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death. *Pis.* Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus's* throne. *Pis.* Or this, or perish. } *Aside.*
She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. *Clot.* Humph.

Pis. I'll write to my lord she is dead. Oh, *Imogen*,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus's* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a villain, but to do me true service; that is,
what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and
truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou should'st
neither want my means for thy relief; nor my voice for thy
preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, one at my lodging, which he forgot to take with him, it was a favourite of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit.]

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*? even there, thou villain, *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. She said upon a time, that she held the very garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, than my noble and natural person; with that suit upon my back will I ravish her; and when my lust hath din'd, to the court I'll foot her home again. My revenge is now at *Milford-Haven*, would I had wings to follow it. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter IMOGEN in Boys Cloaths.

Imo. I See a man's life is a tedious one,
 I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me: *Milford*,
 When from the mountain top *Pisania* shew'd thee,
 Thou wast withing a ken. Oh, *Jove*, I think
 Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean,
 Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie
 That have afflictions on them? yes, no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
 Is forer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars. My dear lord,

Thou art one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone, but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is this? [*seeing the cave.*
 Here is a path to't—'tis some savage hold;
 It were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak;
 No answer? then I'll enter.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Grant such a foe, good heav'ns. [*She goes into the cave.*

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast; *Cadwall* and I
 Will play the cook, and servant; come, our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, favourly; weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
 Poor house, that keeps thyself.

Guid. There is cold meat i' th' cave, we'll brouze on that,
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in—— [*Looking in.*
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 He were a fairy. *Guid.* What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy.

Enter IMOGEN *from a Cave.*

Imo. Good masters, harm me not;
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good troth,
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found

Gold-strew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat,
 I would have left it on the board so soon
 As I had made my meal, and parted thence
 With prayers for the provider. *Guid.* Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt,
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty Gods. *Imo.* I see you're angry:
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have dy'd, had I not made it. *Bel.* Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. *Fidèle*, Sir; I have a kinsman, who
 Is bound for *Italy*! he embark'd at *Milford*;
 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
 I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
 By this rude place we live in. Well-encounter'd,
 'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
 Boys, bid him welcome.

Arv. I'll love him as my brother:
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
 After long absence, such is yours.

Guid. Most welcome:
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends? } *Aside.*
 If brothers, would it had been so, that they
 Had been my father's sons, then had my prize
 Been less, and so more equal to thee my *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. Would I could free it.

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
 What pain it cost, what danger.

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*] *Imo.* Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them; laying by
That nothing-gift of different multitudes
Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me, Gods,
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since *Posthumus* is false. *Bel.* It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have suppd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it. *Guid.* Pray draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl,
And morn to th' lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, Sir. *Arv.* I pray draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Forest.

Enter CLOTEN alone.

Clot. I am near to the place where they should meet, if
Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve
me! *Posthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy
shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress en-
forc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before her face, and all
this done, sporn her home to her father, who may, hap-
pily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mo-
ther having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my
commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe, out sword, and
to a fore purpose; fortune put them into my hand; this
is the very description of their meeting place, and the fel-
low dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Cave.

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and
IMOGEN.

Bel. **Y**OU are not well: remain here in the cave,
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here;

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well.
So please you, leave me,
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here!

Arv. Brother, farewell. *Imo.* I wish you sport.

Arv. You health—So please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures. Gods! what lies have I
heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
I am sick still, heart-sick—*Pisanio,*

I'll now taste of thy drug. *[Drinks out of the phial.]*

Guid. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill, I am bound to you. [Exit.

Bel. This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears t' have had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Nobly he yokes a smiling with a sigh.

Guid. Yet I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow patience,
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, from the encreasing vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates, that villain
Hath mock'd me. [Exit.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' th' queen; I fear some ambush——

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you away,
Let me alone with him. [Exeunt *Bellarius* and *Arviragus*.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

Clot. Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? Some villain-mountaineers——
I've heard of such. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee? *Clot.* Thou villain base
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, who made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou villain,

Guid. *Cloten*, then double villain, be thy name.
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner. *Clot.* To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to th' queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth. *Clot.* Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them. *Clot.* Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud*'s town set your heads;
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*]

Enter BELLARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. No, time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them. But see my brother,

Enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool. Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. Cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Son to the queen, after his own report.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear no law. What company
Discover you abroad? *Bel.* No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants.
It is not probable he'd come alone.

Arv. Let ord'nance

Come, as the Gods forefay it, howsoe'er
My brother hath done well. *Bel.* I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele's* sickness
Did make my way long forth

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, *Cloten*,
That's all I care. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear it will be reveng'd:
Would *Paladour*, thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger

Where there's no profit. I pry'thee to our rock,
 You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll stay
 Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him
 To dinner presently. *Arv.* Poor sick *Fidele*!
 I'll willingly to him; to gain his colour
 I'd let a river of such *Cloten's* blood,
 And praise myself for charity.

[Exit.]

Bel. O thou Goddess,
 Thou divine nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys: they are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough,
 (Their royal blood enchas'd) as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd: yet still 'tis strange
 What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. Where's my brother?
 I have sent *Cloten's* clot-pole down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
 For his return.

[Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument,
 Hark, *Paladour*, it sounds: but what occasion
 Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? hark!

Guid. Is he at home?*Bel.* He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean?
 Since death of my dear mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents.

Enter ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Look, here he comes;
And brings the dire occasion in his looks,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of age to sixty;
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily!
And art thou gone, my poor *Fidele*.

Bel. What is he dead, how found you him?

Arv. Stark—smiling as some fly had tickled slumber;
Not as death's dart being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion. *Guid.* Where? *Arv.* O' th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near him.

Arv. With fairest flow'rs,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*;
I'll sweeten thy sad grave:

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the less. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He paid for that: our foe was princely.
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a prince. Go, bring your lily.

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*]

Oh! melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom, find

The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made, but oh!
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy of melancholy.

Enter GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS, with the body.

Come let us lay the bodies each by each,
And strew 'em o'er with flow'rs, and on the morrow
Shall the earth receive 'em. *Arv.* Sweet *Fidele*!

Fear no more th' heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's blast;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
And the dream of life is past.

Guid. Monarchs, sages, peasants must
Follow thee, and come to dust. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

S C E N E. IV.

The Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords and PISANIÖ.

Cym. **A** GAIN; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours, set it at your will.

2 *Lord.* Good, my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For lord *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
He will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

2 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The *Roman* legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coast.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen:
I am amaz'd with matter, let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it seeks us: we fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here—Away.— [Exeunt.]

Pis. I've had no letter from my master since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain, 'tis strange!
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heav'ns still must work;
Wherein I'm false I'm honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Ev'n to the note of th' king, or I'll fall in them:
All other doubts, by time, let 'em be clear'd,
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

A Forest.

IMOGEN and CLOTEN, on a Bank strew'd with Flowers.

IMOGEN awakes.

Y ES, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way——
 I thank you—by yond bush—pray how far thither?—
 'Ods pittikins—can it be fix mile yet?—
 I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
 But soft! no bedfellow!—Oh Gods, and goddesfes!

[*Seeing the Boy.*

The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream;
 For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures.
 I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye: oh, Gods! a part of it!
 The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—The garment of my *Posthumus*?
 I know them well, this is his hand——
 Murdered——*Pisanio*!——
 'Twas thou conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
 Hast here cut off my lord. *Pisanio*!——
 How should this be, *Pisanio*!——'Tis he!
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:

This is *Pisanio's* deed, and *Cloten's* deed,

Oh, my lord! my lord!

[Lies down upon the body.]

Enter *LUCIUS*, and Captains.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's brother. *Luc.* When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Soft ho, what trunk is here?
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!—
Or dead or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded; who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? what art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better: this was my master,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!
There are no more such masters:

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: say thy name, good friend.

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thy name well fits thy faith;
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir; but first, an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my master from the fowls as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves, and weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave,
(Such as I can) twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me. *Luc.* Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee; my friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties; let us
Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
And make him, with our pikes and partizans,
A grave. Come, take him up; boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As foldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes,
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
Bring him along.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Forest, a March at a Distance.

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

ARVIRAGUS.

THE noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten's* death, we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: and so extort from's that

Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; and besides the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves.

Guid. Pray, Sir, to the army;
I, and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
I am ashamed to look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.—

Guid. By heav'ns I'll go;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefor due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans*.

Arv. So say I.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Field between the BRITISH and ROMISH Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. YEA bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than yourselves,
For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*!
Every good servant does not all commands——
No bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strook
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; (that's love)
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
And make them dreaded to the doer's thrift;
But *Imogen* is your own. Do your best wills,
And make me blest t' obey. I am brought hither
Amongst the *Italian* gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough
That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy mistress: peace,
I'll give no wound to thee; therefor, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit myself
As does a *Britain* peasant; so I'll fight

Against the part I came with: so I'll die
 For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, not hated, to the face of peril,
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habit's show;
 Gods, put the strength o' th' *Leonati* in me;
 To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin,
 The fashion. Less without, and more within. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

A Field of Battle.

*A grand Fight between the ROMANS and BRITONS;
 the ROMANS are drove off.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO fighting. IACHIMO
 drops his Sword.

Post. O R yield thee, *Roman*, or thou dy'st.
 Iach Peasant, behold my breast.

Post. No, take thy life and mend it. [Exit Post.]

Iach. The heaviness and sin within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession; knighthoods and honours borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn;
 With heav'n against me, what is sword or shield;
 My guilt, my guilt, o'er-powers me, and I yield. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

*A Wood.**Enter PISANIO and 1st Lord.*

1 *Lord.* **T**HIS is a day turn'd strangely.
 Came'st thou from where they made the stand?

Pis. I did.

Though you it seems came from the fliers.

1 *Lord.* I did.

Pis. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought: the king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of *Britains* seen; all flying
 Through a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

1 *Lord.* Where was this lane?

Pis. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
 An honest one I warrant. Athwart the lane,
 He, with two stripling lads, more like to run
 The country base, than to commit such slaughter,
 Made good the passage, cried to the fliers, stand,
 Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in frown: stand, stand.

1 *Lord.* Were there but three?

Pis. There was a fourth man, in a poor rustic habit,

That stood the front with them. These matchless four,
 Accommodated by the place, gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some, turn'd cowards
 But by example, 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' th' hunter. Then began
 A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon
 A rout, confusion thick, and the event
 A victory for us.

Lord. This was strange chance,
 An old man, two boys, and a poor rustic.

Pis. Nay, do not wonder—but go with me, and
 See these wonders, and join the general joy. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Wood.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. **T**O-day, how many would have given their honours
 To've sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knife i' th' war. Well, I will find him;
 No more a *Briton*, I have resum'd again,
 The part I come in. Fight, I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hinds, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 On either side. For me, my ransom's death,

I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for *Imogen*. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

CYMBELINE'S Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Lords.*

Cym. S T A N D by my side, you, whom the Gods have
made

Preservers of my throne: woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Step'd before shields of proof,) cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead, and living,
But no trace of him? *Cym.* To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart and brain of *Britain*;

[To *Bel.* *Guid.* and *Arvirag.*

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it. *Bel.* Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest. *Cym.* Bow your knees;
Arise, my knights o' th' battle, I create you

Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

*There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' th' court of Britain.*

Cor. Hail, great king;
To sour our happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Dead, say'st thou! how ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herself,
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confesses,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you;
Married your royalty, was wise to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took,

*Should by the mixture feed on life, and lingring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, to o'ercome
You with her shew: yes, and in time, to work,
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate, open'd, in despite
Of heav'n and men, her purposes: repented
The ills she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Despairing, dy'd.*

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

*Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all.*

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman Prisoners,
LEONATUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

*Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britains have ras'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.
So think of your estate.*

*Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threat'ned
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Roman's heart can suffer:*

Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will intreat, my boy, a *Briton* born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions.
 He hath done no *Briton* harm
 Though he hath serv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
 His favour is familiar to me: boy,
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 I know not why, nor wherefor,
 To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master, live;
 And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
 Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more kin of me,
 Than I to your highness, who being born your vassal
 Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefor ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
 To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
 And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
 I'll be thy master: walk with me, speak freely. [*Go aside*,

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand another

Not more resembles than he th' sweet rosy lad,
 Who dy'd, and was *Fidele*: what think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further;

Pis. It is my mistress:

[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.

Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [To *Iach.*

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,

Or by our greatness, and the grace of it

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

[*Aside wondring.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,
Whom thou didst banish: (and which more may grieve thee
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint— [*Swoons.*

Cym. My daughter, what of her? Renew thy strength,
I had rather thou should'st live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The mansion where,) 'twas at a feast, oh would

Our viands had been poison'd! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head: the worthy *Posthumus*—

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity; there it begins:

He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger; to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring,
By hers and mine adultery. Away to *Britain*
Post I in this design: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught,
By your chaste daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous.

Yet to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof, enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; and he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st,

[*Coming forward.*]

Italian fiend! ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer. Thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come—Oh give me cord, knife or poison,
Some upright justicer. Thou king, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,

A sacrilegious thief to do't. The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself——
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'th' street to bait me: every villain
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen*!

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear——

Post. Away—Thou scornful page, there is no peace for
me. [Striking her, she falls.]

Pis. O gentlemen, help
Mine and your mistress——Oh, my lord *Posthumus*!
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now—help, help,
Mine honour'd lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How came these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now,
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die.

Cym. My child! my child!
My dearest *Imogen*.

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

[Kneeling.]

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't,

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we met here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Guid. Let me end the story; 'twas I that slew him.

Cymb. The Gods forefend.

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir king,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever scar for. Let his arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee;
Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Bellarius*, whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was at once my offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason. These gentle princes,
For such, and so they are, these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those arts they have, that I
Could put into them. But, gracious Sir,
Here are your sons again: and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'ns,
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children—
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he!
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now: oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord:
I have got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother

When I was but your sister: I your brother,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd

Save these in bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, Sir,

The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:

[*Kneels.*

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. But your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith: now take that life
Beseech you, which I so often owe.

Post. Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

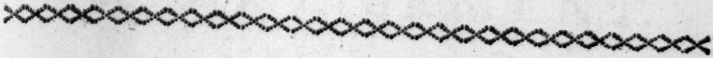
Cym. Nobly doom'd:

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all. Laud we the Gods:
And let our crooked smoaks climb to their nostrils

From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman*, and a *British* ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feasts.
Set on there: never was a war did cease
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

End of CYMBELINE.



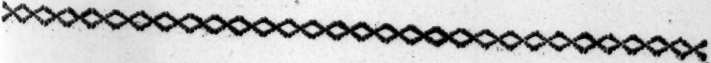
CATHARINE

AND

PETRUCHIO.

A

COMEDY.



CAYHARRINE

AND

PETRUCCIO

A

COMEDY

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following PROLOGUE was spoken to the Dramatic Pastoral, called the *Winter's Tale*, and this Comedy; both of which are altered from *Shakespear*, and were performed the same night.

Some of the lines of the PROLOGUE are only relative to the *Winter's Tale*; yet as the publication of that Pastoral is deferred for some time, and as the PROLOGUE has been particularly desired, it is hoped that it will not be disagreeable to the reader to see it prefixed to this Comedy:

P R O L O G U E.

*TO various things the stage has been compar'd,
 As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:
 This night, for want of better simile,
 Let this our Theatre a Tavern be:
 The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
 So as the cant, and custom of the trade is,
 You're welcome gem'min, kindly welcome ladies.
 To draw in customers, our bills are spread,
 You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakespear's head.
 From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
 For different palates, springs a different wine!
 In which no tricks, to strengthen, or to thin 'em——
 Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em——
 Hence for the choicest spirits flow Champaign;
 Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein,
 Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain!
 Hence flow for martial minds potations strong;
 And sweet love potions, for the fair and young.
 For you my hearts of oak, for your regale, [To the upper gallery.
 There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.
 For high, luxurious souls with luscious smack,
 There's Sir John Falstaff, is a butt of sack:
 And if the stronger liquors more invite ye;
 Bardolph is gin, and Pistol, aqua-vitæ.
 But shou'd you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
 He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.
 Sunk in his elbow-chuir, no more he'll roam;
 No more, with merry wags, to Eastcheap come;
 He's gone,—to jest, and laugh, and give his sack at home.
 As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
 Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep;*

P R O L O G U E.

*Who in the storms of passion—hum,—and haw!
For such, our master will no liquor draw—
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durffy's, for the Shakespear's head.*

*A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much perry for the best champaign.
Some rakes, this precious stuff did so allure;
They drank whole nights—what's that—when wine is pure?
“Come fill a bumper, Jack—I will, my lord—
“Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense! upon my word!”
Sir William, what say you?—The best, believe me—
In this—eh Jack!—the devil can't deceive me.
Thus the wise critic too mistakes his wine,
Cries out with lifted hands, 'tis great!—divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike him;
This Shakespear! Shakespear!—oh there's nothing like him!
In this night's various, and enchanted cup,
Some little perry's mixt for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to * sixteen years, lay by, forsaken.
Left then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!*

* The action of the *Winter's Tale*, as written by *Shakespear*, comprehends sixteen years.

The PERSONS.

Petruchio

Baptista

Hortensio

Grumio

Music-Master

Biondello

Pedro

Taylor

Nathaniel

Peter

Nicholas

Philip

Joseph

Catharine

Bianca

Curtis

Mr. WOODWARD.

Mr. BURTON.

Mr. MOZEEN.

Mr. YATES.

Mr. JEFFERSON.

Mr. BLAKES.

Mr. CLOUGH.

Mr. H. VAUGHAN.

Mr. W. VAUGHAN.

Mr. ACKMAN.

Mr. ATKINS.

Mr. MARR.

Mr. LEWIS.

Mrs. CLIVE.

Mrs. BENNET.

Mrs. BRADSHAW.

SCENE, PADUA.

Catharine *and* Petruchio.

A C T I.

SCENE, BAPTISTA'S *House*.

Enter BAPTISTA, PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

BAPTISTA.

THUS have I, 'gainst my own self-interest,
Repeated all the worst you are t'expect
From my shrewd daughter, *Cath'rine*; if you'll venture,
Maugre my plan and honest declaration,
You have my free consent, win her, and wed her.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, thus it stands with me.

Antonio, my father, is deceased:

You knew him well, and knowing him, know me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd.

And I have thrust myself into the world,

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:

My business asketh haste, old Signior,

And ev'ry day I cannot come to wooe.

Let specialties be therefor drawn between us,

That cov'nants may be kept on either hand.

Bapt. Yes, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
My daughter's love, for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory, as she proud-minded;
 And where two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
 Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
 So I to her, and so she yields to me;
 For I am rough, and wooe not like a babe.

Grum. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head. Tho' she had as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Bapt. As I have shew'd you, Sir, the coarser side, Now let me tell you she is young and beauteous, Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman; Her only fault (and that is fault enough) Is that she is intolerably froward; If that you can away with, she is yours.

Grum. I pray you, Sir, let her see him while the humour lasts. O' my word an' she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves, or so; why, that's nothing; an' he begin once, she'll find her match. I'll tell you what, Sir, an' she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat— You know him not, Sir.

Bapt. And you will woo her, Sir?

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
 Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
 Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds?
 Have I not heard great ord'nance in the field?
 And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush, tush ! scare boys with bugs.

Bapt. Then thou'rt the man,
The man of *Cath'rine*, and her father too :
That shall she know, and know my mind at once.
I'll portion her above her gentler sister,
New-married to *Hortensio* :
And if with scurril taunt, and squeamish pride,
She make a mouth, and will not taste her fortune,
I'll turn her forth to seek it in the world ;
Nor henceforth shall she know her father's doors.

Pet. Say'st thou me so ? then as your daughter, Signior,
Is rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife ;
Be she as curst as *Socrates' Zantippe*,
She moves me not a whit—were she as rough,
As are the swelling *Adriatic* seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua* ;
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Bapt. Well may'st thou wooe, and happy be thy speed ;
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Aye, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

CATHARINE and the Music-master make a noise within.

Music-Mast. [*within.*] Help ! help !

Cath. [*within.*] Out of the house, you scraping fool.

Pet. What noise is that ?

Bapt. Oh, nothing ; this is nothing —
My daughter *Catharine*, and her Music-master ;
This is the third I've had within this month :
She is an enemy to harmony.

Enter MUSIC-MASTER.

How now, friend, why dost look so pale?

Music-mast. For fear, I promise you, if I do look pale,

Bapt. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Music-mast. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her to the lute?

Music-mast. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand, to teach her fingering,
When with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth she, I'll fret your fool's cap;
And with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me rascal-fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she hath studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lusty wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh how I long to have a grapple with her!

Music-mast. I wou'd not make another trial with her,
To purchase *Padua*; for what is past,
I'm paid sufficiently: if at your leisure,
You think my broken fortunes, head and lute
Deserve some reparation, you know where
T'enquire for me; and so good gentlemen,
I am your much disorder'd humble servant. [Exit.]

Bapt. Not yet mov'd, *Petruchio*! do you flinch?

Pet. I am more and more impatient, Sir; and long
To be a part'ner in these favourite pleasures.

Bapt. O, by all means, Sir,—will you go with me,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO. 175

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend her here. [*Exit Bapt.*
Grumio, retire, and wait my call within. [*Exit Grum.*

Since that her father is so resolute,
 I'll wooe her with some spirit when she comes;
 Say that she rail, why then, I'll tell her plain
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
 Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses, newly wash'd with dew;
 Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As tho' she bid me stay by her a week;
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banes, and when he married:
 But here she comes, and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

Enter CATHARINE.

Cath. How! turn'd adrift, nor know my father's house!
 Reduc'd to this, or none, the maid's last prayer;
 Sent to be woo'd like bear unto the stake?
 Trim wooing like to be!—and he the bear,
 For I shall bait him—yet the man's a man

Pet. *Kate* in a calm!—maids must not be wooers.
 Good morrow, *Kate*, for that's your name I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but impudently said,
 They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
 And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
 But *Kate*—the prettiest *Kate* in *Christendom*.
 Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation!
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in ev'ry town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 Thy affability, and bashful modesty,

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(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)—
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd in good time; let him that mov'd you hither.

Remove you hence! I knew you at the first;
You were a moveable.

Pet. A moveable? why, what's that?

Cath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light.—

Cath. Too light for such a Swain as you to catch;

[*Going.*

Pet. Come, come you wasp; i'faith you are too angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy, then is to pluck it out.

Cath. Ay, if the fool cou'd find it where it lies.

Pet. The fool knows where the honey is, sweet *Kate*.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Cath. 'Tis not for drones to taste.

Pet. That will I try.

[*She strikes him.*

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.—

Nay, come, *Kate*, come; you must not look so fower.

Cath. How can I help it, when I see that face;

But I'll be shok'd no longer with the sight. [*Going.*

Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*; in sooth you 'scape not so.

Cath. I chafe you, if I tarry, let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle;
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,
And now I find report a very liar,
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers;

Thou can'st not frown, thou can'st not look aſcance,
 Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,
 Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:
 But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
 With gentle conf'rence, ſoft and affable.

Cath. This is beyond all patience; don't provoke me.

Pet. Why doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp?
 Oh ſland'rous world! *Kate*, like the hazle twig,
 Is ſtrait, and ſlender, and as brown in hue
 As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
 O let me ſee thee walk, thou do'ſt not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian'* ſo become a grove,
 As *Kate* this chamber, with her princely gait?
 Oh be thou *Dian'*, and let her be *Kate*,
 And then let *Kate* be chaſte, and *Dian'* ſportful.

Cath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Cath. Yes, in your own conceit,
 Keep yourſelf warm with that, or elſe you'll freeze.

Pet. Or rather warm me in thy arms, my *Kate*!
 And therefor ſetting all this chat aſide,
 Thus in plain terms; your father hath conſented
 That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
 And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Cath. Whether I will or no!—O Fortune's ſpite!

Pet. Nay, *Kate*, I am a huſband for your turn;
 For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
 (Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well)
 Thou muſt be married to no man but me:
 For I am he am born to tame you, *Kate*.

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Cath. That will admit dispute, my saucy groom.

Pet. Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have *Catharine* to my wife.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Now, Signior, now, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How shou'd I speed but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bapt. Why, how now, daughter *Catharine*, in your dumps?

Cath. Call me daughter? Now I promise you,
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Bapt. Better this jack than starve, and that's your portion——

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourself and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, she will prove a second *Grissel*,
And *Roman Lucrece*, for her chastity;
And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
We have fix'd to-morrow for the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd to-morrow, first—to-morrow!

Bapt. *Petruchio*, hark; she says she'll see thee hang'd first:
Is this your speeding?

Pet. Oh! be patient, Sir,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you;
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curs'd in company.

Cath. A plague upon his impudence! I'm vex'd—
I'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him.

[*Aside.*

Pet. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
 How much she loves me; Oh! the kindest *Kate*!
 She hung about my neck, and kifs on kifs,
 She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 Oh! you are novices; 'tis a world to see
 How tame, when men and women are alone——
 Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will now away
 To buy apparel for my gentle bride:
 Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests.

Bapt. What dost thou say, my *Catharine*? Give thy hand.

Cath. Never to man shall *Cath'rine* give her hand:
 Here 'tis, and let him take it, an' he dare.

Pet. Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear,
 I'd shake it off; but as it is *Kate's*, I kifs it.

Cath. You'll kifs it clofer, e'er our moon be wain'd,

Bapt. Heav'n send you joy, *Petruchio*—'tis a match.

Pet. Father, and wife, adieu. I must away,
 Unto my country-house, and stir my grooms,
 Scower their country-rust, and make 'em fine,
 For the reception of my *Catharine*.
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
 To-morrow, *Kate*, shall be our wedding-day.

[*Exit Petruchio.*]

Bapt. Well, daughter, tho' the man be somewhat wild,
 And thereto frantic, yet his means are great;
 Thou hast done well to seize the first kind offer,
 For by thy mother's soul 'twill be the last.

Cath. My duty, Sir, hath followed your command.

Bapt. Art thou in earnest? hast no trick behind?
 I'll take thee at thy word, and send t'invite
 My son-in-law, *Hortensio*, and thy sister;
 And all our friends to grace thy nuptials, *Kate*.

[*Exit Baptista.*]

Cath. Why yes ; sister *Bianca* now shall see
 The poor abandon'd *Cath'rine*, as she calls me,
 Can hold her head as high, and be as proud,
 And make her husband stoop unto her lure,
 As she, or e'er a wife in *Padua*.
 As double as my portion be my scorn ;
 Look to your seat, *Petruchio*, or I throw you.
Cath'rine shall tame this haggard ;—or if she fails,
 Shall tye her tongue up, and pair down her nails.

[*Exit Catharine.*

A C T II.

*Enter BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, CATHARINE, BIANCA,
 and Attendants.*

BAPTISTA.

SIGNIOR *Hortensio*, this is th'appointed day,
 That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* shall be married ;
 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
 What will be said ? what mockery will it be,
 To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?
 What says *Hortensio* to this shame of ours ?

Cath. No shame but mine ; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
 To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
 Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :
 And to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll wooe a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

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Make friends, invite ; yea, and proclaim the banes,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And say, lo ! there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,
If it please him come and marry her.

Bian. Such hasty matches seldom end in good.

Hort. Patience, good *Cath'rine*, and *Bianca* too ;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word ;
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Wou'd I had never seen his honesty.——
Oh ! I could tear my flesh for very madness.

[*Exit Catharine.*

Bapt. Follow your sister, girl, and comfort her.

[*Exit Bianca.*

I cannot blame thee now to weep and rage,
For such an injury would vex a saint ;
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Hort. Was ever match clapt up so suddenly !

Bapt. *Hortensio* ; faith I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desp'rate mart.

Hort. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you ;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bapt. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Hort. No doubt *Petruchio's* got a quiet catch.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master, news ; and such news as you never
heard of.

Bapt. Is *Petruchio* come ?

Bion. Why no, Sir.

Bapt. What then ?

Bion. He is coming ; but how ? why in a new hat, and
an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd ; a pair

of boots that have been candle cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword, ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points; his horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infected with the farcy, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, be-gnawn with the bots, waid in the back, and shoulder-shotten, near legg'd before, and with a half check'd bit; and a head-stall of sheep-leather, which being restrain'd, to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots, one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with pack-thread.

Bapt. Who comes with him?

Bion. O Sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse, with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd upon it for a feather; a monster! a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Bapt. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Enter PETRUCHIO, and GRUMIO, fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bapt. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. Well am I come then, Sir.

Bapt. Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Why were it better, I should rush in thus:

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefor gaze this goodly company?

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As if they saw some wond'rous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bapt. Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding day.
First we were sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sader, that you come so unprovided,
Fy! doff this habit, shame to your estate;
And eye sore to our solemn festival.

Hort. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my word;
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

Hort. See not the bride in these unrev'rent robes;
Go to my bed-chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bapt. But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefor ha' done with
words;

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what she could wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

What ho! my *Kate*! my *Kate*! [Exit Petruchio.]

Hort. He hath some meaning in this mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better e'er he go to church.

Bapt. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exeunt all but Grumio.]

Grum. He's gone to church with her. I wou'd sooner have led her to the gallows. If he can but hold it, 'tis well—And if I know any thing of myself and master, no two men were ever born with such qualities to tame women.—When madam goes home, we must look for another-guise master than we have had. We shall see old coil between 'em.—If I can spy into futurity a little, there will be much clatter among the moveables, and some practice for the surgeons. By this the parson has given 'em his licence to fall together by the ears.

Enter PEDRO.

Ped. *Grumio*, your master bid me find you out, and speed you to his country house, to prepare for his reception, and if he finds not things as he expects 'em, according to his directions that he gave you, you know, he says, what follows: this message he delivered before his bride, ev'n in her way to church, and shook his whip in token of his love.

Grum. I understand it, Sir, and will convey the same token to my horse immediately, that he may take to his heels in order to save my bones, and his own ribs.

[*Exit Grumio.*]

Ped. So odd a master, and so fit a man,
Were never seen in *Padua* before.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, *Biondello*, came you from the church?

Bion. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Ped. And is the bride or bridegroom coming home?

Bion. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed;
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Ped. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Bion. Why, he's a devil; a devil! a very fiend!

Ped. Why, she's a devil; a devil! the devil's dam.

Bion. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:
I'll tell you, brother *Pedro*, when the priest

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Should ask if *Catharine* should be his wife?

Ay, by gogs-wounds, quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the priest let fall his book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Ped. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Bion. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and
swore,

As if the vicar went to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine; a health, quoth he, as if
H'ad been abroad carousing to his mates
After a storm; quafft of the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other cause, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His sops, as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about the neck, and kiss'd her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,
Came thence for very shame; and after me
I know the rout is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before——

[*Music.*

Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play.

*Enter PETRUCHIO (singing) CATHARINE, BIANCA,
HORTENSIO, and BAPTISTA.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains;
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;
And therefor, here I mean to take my leave.

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Bapt. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would intreat me rather go than stay;
And honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell you all.

Hort. Let me intreat you, stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Bion. Let me intreat you, that my sister stay;
I come on purpose to attend the wedding;
And pass this day in mirth and festival.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.—

Cath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content, you shall intreat my stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me stay.

Pet. My horses, there; what ho, my horses there—

Cath. Nay then,

Do what thou can'st, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself;
The door is open, Sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging, while your boots are green.
For me, I'll not go, 'till I please myself;
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
To take it on you at the first so roundly.

Bapt. O Kate content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do;
Father be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Hort. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work:

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
 I see a woman may be made a fool,
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
 Obey the bride, you that attend on her ;
 Go to the feast, revel and domineer ;
 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead ;
 Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves ;
 But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.
 Nay look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret
 I will be master of what is mine own ;
 She is my goods, my chattles ; she is my house,
 My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any-thing ;
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
 I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
 That stops my way in *Padua* : *Petruchio*,
 Draw forth thy weapon, thou'rt beset with thieves ;
 Rescue thy wife then, if thou be a man ;
 Fear not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate* ;
 I'll buckler thee against a million, *Kate*.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Cath.*]

Bapt. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Hort. Of all mad matches never was the like.

What's your opinion of your gentle sister ?

Bian. That being mad herself, she's madly matched.

Bapt. Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bridegroom
 want

For to supply the places at the table ;

You know there wants no junkets at the feast :

Hortensio, you, supply the bridegroom's place,

And let *Bianca* take her sister's room.

Bian. My sister's room ! were I in her's indeed,
 This swaggerer shou'd repent his insolence. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter GRUMIO.

Grum. Fie, fie on all jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raide! was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them: now, were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, e're I should come by a fire, to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warm myself, for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, ho, *Curtis!*

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Grum. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio!*

Grum. Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefor, fire, fire, cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Grum. She was, good *Curtis*, before the frost; but thou know'st Winter tames man, woman, and beast, for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow *Curtis*.

Curt. Away, you thick-pated fool, I am no beast.

Grum. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustain, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garments on? Be the *Jack's* fair within, the *Jill's* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefor, I pray thee, what news?

Grum. First know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

Grum. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Grum. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefor is call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin: *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee? tell thou the tale. But had'st thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoild, how he left her with her horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd, that never pray'd before! how I cry'd, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; how my mistress lost her slippers, tore and bemir'd her garments, limp'd to the farm-house, put on *Rebecca's* old shoes and petticoat; with many things worthy of memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Grum. Ay, for the nonce—and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugarfop*, and the rest: let their heads be sleek-comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'sy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

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Curt. They are.

Grum. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho! *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, etc.*
Where are you?

Enter NATHANIEL, PHILIP, etc.

Nath. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Pet. What, *Grumio*!

Nich. Fellow *Grumio*!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Grum. Welcome you; how now, you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready, how near is our master?

Grum. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefor be not—cock's passion! Silence, I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and CATHARINE.

Pet. Where are these knaves? What, no man at door, to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip*?

All-Servants. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir; here, Sir; here, Sir; here, Sir;
You loggerheaded, and unpolish'd grooms:
What no attendance, no regard, no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grum. Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain; you whoreson malt-horse drudge,
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Grum. *Nathaniel's* coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter's* hat,
And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but *Adam, Ralph, and Gregory,*

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The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly :
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt servants.*]

(*Sings.*)

“ Where is the life that late I led ?

“ Where are those ”——Sit down, *Kate*,

And welcome. “ Soud, soud, soud, soud.”

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say ? Nay, good sweet *Kate*, be merry.

Off with my boots you rogue : you villains, when !——

(*Sings.*)

“ It was a fryar of orders grey

“ As he forth walked on his way.”

Out, out, you rogue : you pluck my foot awry.

Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, *Kate* ; some water here. What ho !

Where's my spaniel *Troilus* ? Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin *Ferdinand* come hither :

One, *Kate*, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers ?——Shall I have some water ?

Enter a Servant with Water.

Come, *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily.

[*Servant lets fall the water.*]

You whoreson villain, will you let it fall ?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave !

Come, *Kate*, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.

Cath. Indeed I have :

And never was repast so welcome to me :

Pet. Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I ?

What's this, mutton ?

Serv. Yes.

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Pet. Who brought it ?

Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat——

What dogs are these ! Where is the rascal cook ?
How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me, that love it not ?
There ; take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[Throws the meat, etc. about.]

You heedless jolt heads, and unmanner'd slaves.
What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

[Exeunt all the servants.]

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet,
The meat was well, and well I could have eat,
If you were so disposed ; I'm sick with fasting.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it :
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better it were that both of us did fast,
Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-rosted flesh——
Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And for this night, we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter NATHANIEL and PETER.

Nath. Peter, didst thou ever see the like ?

Pet. He kills her in her own humour. I did not think
so good and kind a master cou'd have put on so resolute a
bearing.

Grum. Where is he ?

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to
her, and rails, and swears, and rates ; and she, poor soul,
knows not which way to stand, to speak ; and sits as one

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new risen from a dream. Away, away, for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Thus have I, poliitickly, begun my reign;
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And 'till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and keep her keeper's call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bit and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat:
Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet; that way the sheets;
Aye, and amid' this hurly, I'll pretend
That all is done in rev'rent care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew.

[*Exit.*]

A C T III.

Enter CATHARINE and GRUMIO.

GRUMIO.

NO, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life, [pears:
Cath. The more my wrong, the more his spite ap-
 What! did he marry me to famish me?
 Beggars that come unto my father's door,
 Upon intreaty have a present alms;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
 But I, who never knew how to intreat,
 Nor ever needed that I should intreat,
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
 And that which spights me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love:
 As who would say, if I should sleep or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death!—
 I pr'ythee go and get me some repast;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grum. What say you to a neat's foot?*Cath.* 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Grum. I fear, it is too stegmatic a meat:
 How say you to a fat tripe, finely boil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Grum. I cannot tell,—I fear, its choleric:
 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Cath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.*Grum.* Aye, but the mustard is too hot a little.*Cath.* Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

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Grum. Nay, that I will not, you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grum. Why then, the mustard, dame, without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me only with the name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery.

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. How fares my *Kate*?

What, sweeting, all amort? Mistress, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look chearfull upon me.

For now my honey-love we are refresh'd——

Cath. Refresh'd! with what?

Pet. We will return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With filken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,

Now thou hast eat, the taylor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown—What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish: fye, fye, 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Cath. Why, Sir; I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears;
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free,
Ev'n to the utmost as I please in words.

Pet. Thou say'st true, *Kate*; it is a poultry cap,
A custard coffin, bauble, filken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why aye; come, taylor, let me see't.
O mercy, heav'n! what masking stuff is here?
What's this, a sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-canon;
What up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart!
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,
Like a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what the devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

Grum. I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Mary and did: but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you marr it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home;
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh! most monstrous arrogance!

Thou lyeft, thou thread, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail.

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!

Brav'd in mine own house, with a skein of thread!

Away thou rag! thou quantity, thou remnant,

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shall think on prating whilst thou liv'st:

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd the gown.

Tay. Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made just as my master had direction; *Grumio* gave orders how it should be done.

Grum. I gave him no order, I give him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grum. Marry, Sir, with a needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Grum. Tho' thou hast fac'd many things, face not me: I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou liest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Grum. Master, if ever I said a loose-bodied gown, sew me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compass cape.

Grum. I confess the cape.

Tay. With a trunk sleeve.

Grum. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Grum. Error i' th' bill, Sir; error i' th' bill; I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd upon again, and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say; an' I had thee in a place thou should'st know it.

Grum. I am for thee, straight: come on you parchment shred!

[*They fight.*]

Pet. What, chickens sparr in presence of the kite!
I'll swoop upon you both; out, out, ye vermin——

[*Beats 'em off.*]

Cath. For heav'n's sake, Sir, have patience! how you fright me!

[*Crying.*]

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*; we will unto your father's, Even in these honest, mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest cloud,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou accounts't it shame, lay it on me;

And therefor frolic; we will hence, forthwith.

To feast and sport us at thy father's house:

Go call my men, and bring our horses out.

Cath. O happy hearing! Let us strait be gone;
I cannot tarry here another day.

Pet. Cannot, my *Kate*! O fie! indeed you can——
Besides, on second thoughts, 'tis now too late;

CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO. 199

For, look, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Cath. The moon ! the sun ; it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I say it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself ;

It shall be moon, or star ; or what a list,

Or e'er I journey to your father's house :

Go on, and fetch our horses back again ;

Evermore crost, and crost ; nothing but crost !

Grum. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. I see 'tis vain to struggle with my bonds ;

So be it moon, or sun, or what you please ;

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Cath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye ; it is the blessed sun.

Cath. Just as you please, it is the blessed sun ;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;

And the moon changes, even as your mind ;

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,

And so it shall be for your *Catharine*.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl shall run,

And not unluckily, against the bias :

But soft, some company is coming here,

And stops our journey.

Enter BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress, where away ?

Tell me, sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks !

What stars do spangle heav'n with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heav'nly face ?

Fair lovely maid once more good day to thee ;

Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Bapt. What's all this?

Cath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man whom favourable stars

Allot thee, for his lovely bed-fellow.

Bian. What mummerly is this?

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*; I hope thou art not mad!

This is *Baptista*, our old reverent father;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Cath. Pardon, dear father, my mistaken eyes,

That have been so bedazled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green;

Now I perceive thou art my reverent father:

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. [Kneels.

Bapt. Rise, rise, my child; what strange vigary's this?

I came to see thee with my son and daughter.

How lik'st thou wedlock? Ar't not alter'd, *Kate*?

Cath. Indeed I am. I am transform'd to stone.

Pet. Chang'd for the better much; ar't not my *Kate*?

Cath. So good a master, cannot chuse to mend me.

Hort. Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

Bapt. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes?

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy;

And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bian. Was ever woman's spirit broke so soon!

What is the matter, *Kate*? hold up thy head,

Nor lose our sex's best prerogative,

To wish and have our will.—

Pet. Peace, brawler, peace,

Or I will give the meek *Hortensio*,

Your husband, there, my taming recipe.

CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO. 201

Bian. Lord, never let me have a cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

Grum. (to Bapt.) Did I not promise you, Sir, my master's discipline wou'd work miracles?

Bapt. I scarce believe my eyes and ears.

Bian. His eyes and ears had felt these fingers e're
He shou'd have moap'd me so.

Cath. Alas! my sister——

Pet. Catharine, I charge thee tell this headstrong women,
What duty 'tis she owes her lord and husband.

Bian. Come, come, you're mocking, we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come, on, I say.

Bian. She shall not.

Hort. Let us hear for both our sakes, good wife.

Pet. Catharine, begin.

Cath. Fie, fie, unknot that threatning, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes;
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor,
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

Pet. Why, well said *Kate*.

Cath. A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will dain to sip, or touch a drop of it.

Bian. Sister, be quiet——

Pet. Nay, learn thou that lesson——On, on, I say.

Cath. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintainance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,

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To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Bapt. Now fair befall thee, son *Petruchio*,

The battle's won, and thou can'st keep the field.

Pet. Oh! fear me not——

Bapt. Then, my new gentle *Cath'rine*,
Go home with me along, and I will add
Another dowry to another daughter,
For thou art changed as thou hadst never been.

Pet. My fortune is sufficient. Here's my wealth:
Kiss me, my *Kate*; and since thou art become
So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,
Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husband;
An honest mask, which I throw off with pleasure.
Far hence all rudeness, wilfulness, and noise,
And be our future lives one gentle stream
Of mutual love, compliance, and regard.

Cath. Nay, then I'm all unworthy of thy love,
And look with blushes on my former self.

Pet. Good *Kate*, no more—this is beyond my hopes—

[*Goes forward with Catharine in his hand.*]

Such duty as the subject owes the prince.
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, fower,
And not obedient to his honest will;
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
How shameful 'tis when women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where bound to love, to honour and obey.

FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

A

Dramatic Pastoral,

IN THREE ACTS.

The PERSONS.

Leontes
Polixenes
Camillo
Old Shepherd
Clown
Autolicus
Cleomines
Florizel
Gent.
Servant
Rogero

Perdita
Paulina
Dorcas
Mopsa
Hermione

Mr. GARRICK.
Mr. HAVARD.
Mr. DAVIES.
Mr. BERRY.
Mr. WOODWARD.
Mr. YATES.
Mr. JEFFERSON.
Mr. HOLLAND.
Mr. BLAKES.
Mr. BEARD.
Mr. WALKER.

Mrs. CIBBER.
Mrs. BENNET.
Miss MINORS.
Mrs. BRADSHAW.
Mrs. PRITCHARD.

P R O L O G U E.

*TO various things the stage has been compar'd,
 As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:
 This night, for want of better simile,
 Let this our Theatre a Tavern be:
 The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
 So as the cant, and custom of the trade is,
 You're welcome Gem'min; kindly welcome ladies.
 To draw in customers, our bills are spread; [Shewing a Play Bill.
 You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakespear's head.
 From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
 For different palates, springs a different wine!
 In which no tricks, to strengthen, or to thin 'em——
 Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em——
 Hence for the choicest spirits flow Champaign;
 Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein,
 Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain!
 Hence flow for martial minds potations strong;
 And sweet love potions, for the fair and young.
 For you my hearts of oak, for your regale, [To the upper gallery.
 There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.
 For high, luxurious souls with luscious smack,
 There's Sir John Falstaff, is a butt of sack:
 And if the stronger liquors more invite ye;
 Bardolph is gin, and Pistol, aqua vitæ.
 But shou'd you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
 * He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.
 Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam;
 No more, with merry wags, to Eastcheap come;
 He's gone,—to jest, and laugh, and give his sack at home.
 As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
 Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep;*

* Mr. Quin had then left the Stage.

P R O L O G U E.

Who in the storms of passion—hum,—and haw!
For such, our master will no liquor draw——
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfy's, for the Shakespear's head.
A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much perry for the best champaign.
Some rakes, this precious stuff did so allure;
They drank whole nights—what's that—when wine is pure?
“Come fill a bumper, Jack—, I will, my lord——
“Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense! upon my word!
“Sir William, what say you?—The best, believe me—
“In this—Eh Jack!—the devil can't deceive me.”
Thus the wise critic too mistakes his wine,
Cries out with lifted hands, 'tis great!—divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike him;
This Shakespear! Shakespear!—Oh there's nothing like him!
In this night's various, and enchanted cup,
Some little perry's mixt for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
*Stretch'd out to * sixteen years, lay by, forsaken.*
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

* The action of the *Winter's Tale*, as written by *Shakespear*,
 comprehends sixteen years.

FLORIZEL and PERDITA*.

S C E N E I.

*The Court of BOHEMIA.**Enter CAMILLO and a GENTLEMAN.*

CAMILLO.

THE Gods fend him safe passage to us, for he seems embarked in a tempestuous season.

Gent. I pray thee, lord *Camillo*, instruct me, what concealed matter there is in the coming of *Leontes* to *Bohemia*, shou'd so wrap our king in astonishment?

Cam. Good sign your knowledge in the court is young, if you make that your question.

Gent. I wou'd not be thought too curious, but I prithee, be my tutor in this matter.

Cam. To be short then—Give it thy hearing, for my tale is well worthy of it; these two kings, *Leontes* of *Sicily*, and *Polixenes* of *Bohemia*, were train'd together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt 'em such an affection as cou'd not chuse but branch as it grew up. One unhappy summer (and full sixteen as unhappy have follow'd it) our *Polixenes* went to repay *Sicily* the visitation that he justly ow'd him.—Most royally, and with the utmost freedom of society, was he entertain'd both by *Leontes*, and his queen

* *Altered from the Winter's Tale of Shakespear.*

Hermione; a lady, whose bodily accomplishments were unparalleled'd, but by those of her own mind. The free strokes of youth and gaiety, in her extended civility to *Polixenes* (pleas'd as she was to see her lord delighted) bred in him suspicion of her conduct.

Gent. And that is an evil weed, that once taking root, needs no manure.

Cam. I then waited about the person of *Leontes*, and was alone thought worthy the participation of his jealousy. Into my bosom he disgorg'd his monstrous secret, with no tenderer an injunction than to take off his innocent, abused guest, by poison.

Gent. To kill *Polixenes*!

Cam. Even so.—What cou'd I do? What ran evenest with the grain of my honesty I did, and have not since repented me:—whisper'd *Polixenes* of the matter—left my large fortunes, and my larger hopes in *Sicily*, and on the very wing of occasion flew with him hither, no richer than my honour; and have since been ever of his bosom.

Gent. I tremble for the poor queen, left to the injuries of a powerful king, and jealous husband.

Cam. Left too in her condition! for she had some while promis'd an heir to *Sicily*, and now, mark me,—for the occasion——

Gent. Cannot surpass my attention.

Cam. Scarcely settled in *Bohemia* here, we are alarm'd with the arrival of *Paulina* (that excellent matron, and true friend of her unhappy queen) from whom we too soon learn how sad a tragedy had been acted in *Sicily*—the dishonor'd *Hermione* clapp'd up in prison, where she gave the king a princess—the child (the innocent milk yet in her innocent mouth) by the king's command, expos'd; expos'd even on the desarts of this kingdom;—our *Polixenes* being falsely deem'd the father.

Gent. Poor babe! unhappy queen! tyrant *Leontes*!

Cam. What blacker title will you fix upon him, when you shall hear that *Hermione*, in her weak condition (the child-bed privilege deny'd, which belongs to women of all fashion) was haul'd out to an open mockery of trial; that on this inhuman outrage (her fame being kill'd before) she died;—in the very prison where she was deliver'd, died; and that on her decease, *Paulina* (whose free tongue was the king's living scourge, and perpetual remembrancer to him of his dead queen) fled with her effects, for safety of her life, to *Bohemia*, here—I tire you.

Gent. My king concern'd, I am too deeply interested in the event, to be indifferent to the relation.

Cam. All this did *Leontes*, in defiance of the plain answer of the oracle, by him consulted at *Delphi*; which now, after sixteen years occurring to his more sober thoughts, he first thinks it probable, then finds it true, and his penitence thereupon is as extreme, as his suspicions had been fatal. In the course of his sorrows, as we are inform'd, twice attempted on his life; and this is now his goad to the present expedition; to make all possible atonement to his injur'd brother *Bohemia*, and to us the fellow-sufferers in his wrongs:—we must break off—the king and good *Paulina*—

Enter POLIXENES and PAULINA.

Polix. Weep not now, *Paulina*, so long-gone-by misfortunes; this strange and unexpected visit, from *Leontes*, calls all your sorrows up a-new: but good *Paulina*, be satisfied that heav'n has will'd it so. That sixteen years absence shou'd pass unnotic'd by this king, without exchange of gifts, letters, or embassies; and now!—I am amaz'd as thou art; but not griev'd—

Paul. Grudge me not a tear to the memory of my queen, my royal mistress; and there dies my resentment; now, *Leontes*, welcome.

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Polix. Nobly resolv'd: of him think we no more of 'till he arrives.

Cam. Hail, royal Sir. If the king of *Sicily* escape this dreadful tempest, I shall esteem him a favourite of the gods, and his penitence effectual.

Polix. Of that fatal country *Sicily*, and of its penitent (as we must think him) and reconcil'd king, my brother, (whose loss of his most precious queen and child are even now afresh lamented) I prithee, speak no more:—say to me, when saw'st thou prince *Florizel*, my son? Fathers are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing 'em, when they have approv'd their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have musingly noted, he is of late much retir'd from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Polix. I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd—A man, they say, that from very nothing, is grown rich beyond the imagination of his neighbours.

Paul. I have heard too of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Polix. That's likewise part of my intelligence; and, I fear, the angel that plucks our son thither. Thou, *Camillo*, shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Polix. My best *Camillo*!—we must disguise ourselves.

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Paul. Left your royalty be discover'd by the attendance of any of your own train; my steward, *Dion*, shall provide disguises, and accompany your design with all secrecy.

Polix. It is well advis'd—I will make choice of some few to attend us, who shall wait at distance from the cottage—you instruct *Dion* in the matter, while we prepare ourselves.

[*Exit Polixenes and Camillo.*]

Paul. (sola.) What fire is in my ears! can it be so,
Or are my senses cheated with a dream?

Leontes in Bohemia!—O most welcome,
My penitent liege—my tears were those of joy

—*Paulina*, for her royal mistress' sake,
Shall give thee welcome to this injur'd coast:

Such as the riches of two mighty kingdoms,

Bohemia join'd with fruitful *Sicily*,

Wou'd not avail to buy—*Leontes*, welcome.

Let thy stout vessel but the beating stand

Of this chaf'd sea, and thou art whole on land.

[*Exit Paulina.*]

S C E N E II.

The Country by the Sea-Side. A Storm.

Enter an OLD SHEPHERD.

I would there were no age between thirteen and three and twenty; or that youth wou'd sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between, but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! wou'd any but these boil'd brains of two and twenty hunt this weather! they have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the ma-

ster; if any where I have 'em, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy—Yet I'll tarry till my son come: he hollow'd but even now—Whoa! ho—hoa—

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Hoilloa! ho!

Old Shep. What, art so near? What ail'st thou man?

Clown. I have seen such a sight!

Old Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I wou'd you did but see how the sea chafes, how it rages, how it rakes up the shore—But I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.—But, O the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em—But then, the ship—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it—but first how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd 'em—Then the ship, now boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead.

Old Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw it; the men are not yet cold under water.

Old Shep. Wou'd I had been by the ship-side to have help'd 'em.

Clown. There your charity wou'd have lak'd footing.

Old Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters!

Clown. Look! look, father—there are two of 'em cast ashore, and crawling up the rock—now they are down again—poor souls, they have no strength to keep their hold;—I will go help them.

Old Shep. Run, run, boy! thy legs are youngest.

Clown. Stay, they have found the road to the beach, and come towards us.

Old Shep. Some rich men, I warrant 'em; that are poorer than we now.

Clown. Lord, father! look—they are out-landish folk; their fine cloaths are shrunk in the wetting.

Enter LEONTES, supported by CLEOMINES.

Cleom. Bear up, my liege;—again welcome on shore.

Leon. Flatter me not—In death distinctions cease—
Am I on shore; walk I on land, firm land,
Or ride I yet upon the billows backs?

Methinks I feel the motion—who art thou?

Cleom. Know you me not?—Your friend *Cleomines*.

Leon. Where are my other friends?—What, perish'd all!

Cleom. Not a soul sav'd! ourselves are all our crew,
Pilot, shipmaster, boatswain, sailors, all.

Leon. Laud we the Gods! Yet wherefor perish'd they,
Innocent souls! and I, with all my guilt,
Live yet to load the earth?—O righteous Gods!
Your ways are past the line of man to fathom.

Cleom. Waste not your small remaining strength of body
In warring with your mind. This desert waste
Has some inhabitants—Here's help at hand—
Good day, old man—

Old Shep. Never said in worse time—a better to both your
worships—command us, Sir.

Clown. You have been sweetly soak'd; give the Gods
thanks that you are alive to feel it.

Leon. We are most thankful, Sir.

Cleom. What desarts are these same?

Old Shep. The desarts of *Bohemia*.

Leon. Say'st thou *Bohemia*? ye Gods, *Bohemia*!
In ev'ry act your judgments are sent forth
Against *Leontes*!—Here to be wreck'd and sav'd!
Upon this coast!—All the wrongs I have done,
Stir now afresh within me—Did I not
Upon this coast expose my harmless infant—
Bid *Polixenes* (falsly deem'd the father)

To take his child—O hell-born jealousy !
 All but myself most innocent—and now
 Upon this coast—Pardon, *Hermione* !
 'Twas this that sped thee to thy proper heav'n ;
 If from thy fainted seat above the clouds,
 Thou seest my weary pilgrimage thro' life,
 Loath'd, hated life, 'cause unenjoy'd with thee—
 Look down, and pity me.

Cleom. Good Sir, be calm :

What's gone, and what's past help, should be past grief ;
 You do repent these things too sorely.

Leon. I can't repent these things, for they are heavier
 Than all my woes can stir : I must betake me
 To nothing but despair—a thousand knees.
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
 In storms perpetual, could not move the Gods
 To look this way upon me.

Clown. What says he, pray ? The sea has quite wash'd
 away the poor gentleman's brains. Come, bring him along
 to our farm ; and we'll give you both a warm bed, and dry
 cloathing.

Cleom. Friends, we accept your offer'd courtesy.
 Come, Sir—bear up—be calm—compose your mind ;
 If still the tempest rages there, in vain
 The Gods have sav'd you from the deep.

Leon. I'll take thy council, friend ;—lend me thy arm—
 Oh, *Hermione* !—

[*Leans on him.*]

Cleom. Good shepherd, shew us to the cottage.

Old Shep. This way, this way—

Clown. And now the storm's blown over, father, we'll
 send down *Nicholas* and his fellow to pick up the dead bo-
 dies, if any may be thrown ashore, and bury them.

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Old Shep. 'Tis a good deed, boy—Help the gentlemen,
and bring them after me. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Another Part of the Country.

Enter AUTOLICUS, (Singing)

S O N G.

*When daffodils begin to peere
With hey the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' th' year,
For the red blood reigns o'er the winter's pale.
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge;
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my progging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

I once serv'd prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-
pile, but now am out of service.

S O N G.

*But shall I go mourn for that my dear?
The pale moon shines by night,
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.*

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser
linen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, being litter'd under
Mercury; who, as I am, was likewise a snapper-up of un-
considered trifles: with dice and drab I purchas'd this ca-

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parison, and my revenue is the silly cheat—for the life to come, I sleep out of the thought of it—a prize! a prize!

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Let me see, every eleven weather tods—every tod yields pound, and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn—what comes the wool to?

Autol. If the sprindge hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clown. I can't do't without counters—Let we see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?—Three pounds of sugar, five pounds of currants, rice—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on.—She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers—I must have saffron to colour the warden pies—mace—dates—none—that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many rafins o' th' sun.

Autol. (*grovelling on the ground.*) Oh! that ever I was born!

Clown. In the name of me—

Autol. O help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death—

Clown. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than to have these off.

Autol. Oh, Sir, the loathsomeness of 'em offend me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions—

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Autol. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Autol. A footman, sweet Sir; a footman.

Clown. Indeed he should be a footman, by the garments

he has left with thee. If this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service.—Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. [*Helps him up.*]

Autol. Oh, good Sir; tenderly—Oh!

Clown. Alas, poor soul!

Autol. O! good Sir; softly, good Sir; I fear, Sir, my shoulder blade is out.

Clown. How now, can'st stand?

Autol. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office. [*Picks his pocket.*]

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Autol. No, good, sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want—Offer me no money, I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Autol. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was; but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you wou'd say; there is no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will do no more but abide.

Autol. Vices, I would say, Sir.—I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him *Autolicus*.

Clown. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

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Autol. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Autol. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you do now?

Autol. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk; I will e'en take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Autol. No good-fac'd Sir; no good Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clown. Then farewell—I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.

Autol. Prosper you, sweet Sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too——If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me 'be unrol'd, and my name put into the book of virtue.

S O N G.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily bent the stile—a—

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile—a—

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Prospect of a Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

FLORIZEL.

THESE your unusual weeds, to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdes but *Flora*.
Peering it *April's* front, this your sheep-shearing
Is a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the queen on't.

Perd. Sir, my gracious lord.

To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:
O pardon that I name 'em; your high self,
The gracious mark o' th' land; you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddes-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mefs have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I shou'd blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.

Flor. I blefs the time,
When my good faulcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Perd. Now *Jove* afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread: your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear; ev'n now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Shou'd pass this way, as you did: O the fates!

How wou'd he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up! What wou'd he say! or how
Shou'd I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flor. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon 'em—*Jupiter*.
Become a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now—their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Perd. Oh, but dear Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' power o' th' king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that thou must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flor. Thou dearest *Perdita*;

With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feast; or I'll be thine my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this, I am most constant,
Tho' destiny say, no. Be merry, gentlest,
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

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Perd. O lady fortune,
Stand thou auspicious!

*Enter OLD SHEPHERD, CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS; with
POLIXENES, CAMILLO, and Servants. POLIXENES
and CAMILLO, disguised.*

Flor. See your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain 'em sprightly,—
And let's be red with mirth.

Old Shep. Fie, daughter, when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Wou'd sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' th' table; now i' th' middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire,
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She wou'd to each one sip: you are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting; pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluthes, and present yourself,
That which you are, mistress o' th' feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Perd. Sirs, welcome.

It is my father's will, I shou'd take on me
The hostess-ship o' th' day; you're welcome, sirs.
Give me these flowers there, *Dorcas*; reverend sirs,
For you, there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming and favour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
[To Polixenes and Camillo.
And welcome to our shearing.

Polix. Shepherds,
A fair one are you; well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Perd. Here are flowers for you; [To others.
Hot lavender, mint, savoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer; and I think are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I shou'd leave grazing were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January*,
Wou'd blow you thro' and thro'—now my fairest friend,
I wou'd I had some flowers o'th' spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches, yet
Your maiden honours growing: daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares; and take
The winds of *March* with beauty; vi'lets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phæbus* in his strength; gold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lillies of all kinds
The flower-de-lis being one; o'these, I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,

[To Florizel

To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flor. What? like a coarſe?

Perd. [apart to Florizel.] No, like a bank, for love to lie
and play on;

Not like a coarſe—come, come, take your flowers;
Methinks, I play, as I have ſeen them do

In *Whitsun* pastorals; sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flor. What you do,
Still betters what is done—when you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; give alms;
Pray, so; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, and you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly thro' it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom, I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flor. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come; our dance I pray;
Your hand my *Perdita*; so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Perd. I'll swear for 'em.

Old Shep. Come, come, daughter, leave for a while these
private dalliances, and love-whisperings, clear up your
pipes, and call, as custom is, our neighbours to our shear-
ing.

Per. I will obey you.

S O N G.

I.

*Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear;
In your holy-day suits, with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folk, are the guiltless and free,
And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?*

II.

*We harbour no passions, by luxury taught;
We practice no arts, with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes;
For knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.*

III.

*By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
But we, as the children of nature are bred;
By her hand alone, we are painted and dress'd;
For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the breast.*

IV.

*That giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low, for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet chearfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.*

V.

*When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel;
So harmless and simple we sport, and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray*

Polix. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sord; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,

That makes her blood look out; good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on—our dance—strike up.

Dorc. *Mopsa* must be our mistress, marry, buy some garlick to mend her kissing with.

Mopsa. Now, in good time; musk, will not mend thine.

Dorc. Thou art a false man; did'st not thou swear, (it was but yesternight in the tallet, over the dove house) how that at your shearing, you wou'd this day shame *Mopsa*,—and——

Clown. Hold ye, maidens, hold ye——not a word—we stand upon our manners here,—come strike up.

Mopsa. Here's to do; marry I'll swear he promis'd me long enough afore that in the hay-field—by the token, our curate, came by, and whereof all our folk were gone further a field; he advis'd us to get up, and go home quickly, for that the dew fell apace and the ground was dank, and unhealthsome; more nor that, you promis'd me gloves, and ribbands, and knacks at the fair,—and more nor that——

Clown. Not a word; not a word more, wenches.

Dorc. Marry, come up! others have had promises, as well as some;—but I have heard old folks in the parish say, that some folks have been proud and courtly, and false-hearted ever since some folks father found a pot of money by the sea-side here.—But I say nothing.

Clown. Come, come, strike up.

A Dance of Shepherds and Sheperdesses.

Polix. I pray good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Who dances with your daughter.

Old Shep. They call him *Doricles*; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy breeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:

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He looks like sooth; he says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and to be plain,
I think there is not half a kifs to chuse,
Who loves the other best.

Polix. She dances featly.

Old Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it
That shou'd be silent: if young *Doricles*,
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that,
Which he not dreams of.

(*POLIXENES and OLD SHEPHERD talk apart.*)

Enter a Servant.

O, master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the doot,
you wou'd never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no;
the bagpipe cou'd not move you; he sings several tunes fast-
er than you'll tell money; he utters them, as he had eaten
ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes.

Clown. He cou'd never come better; he shall come in; I
love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter
merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and
sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman of all fizes; no
milliner can fit his customers with gloves; he has the pret-
tiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry (which is
strange) for such delicate burthens of *jump her and thump*
her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal wou'd, as it
were, mean mischief, and break a full gap into the matter,
he makes the maid to answer—*Whoop, do me no harm, good*
man—puts him off, flights him, with—*Whoop, do me no harm,*
good man.

Polix. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talk'st of an admirable conceit-
ed fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbands of all colours i' th' rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, though they came to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns; why, he sings them over, as they were Gods and Goddeses; you wou'd think a smock a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clown. Prithee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's songs.

Clown. You have of these pedlars, that have more in 'em than you think, sister.

Perd. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow,
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses,
Masks, for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfume, for a lady's chamber;
Golden coifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and packing-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to beel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry,
Come buy, etc.*

Clown. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou shou'd'st take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbands and gloves.

Mops. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dorc. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mops. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he hath paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among you maids? Is there no milking time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattle before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering, clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mops. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Autol. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not, thou, man——thou shalt lose nothing here.

Autol. I hope so, Sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mops. Pray now buy some; I love a ballad in print, Or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Autol. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adder's heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mops. Is it true, think you?

Autol. Very true, and but a month old.

Dorc. Bless me, from marrying a usurer!

Autol. Here's the midwife's name to it; and five or six

honest wives that were present. Why shou'd I carry lies abroad?

Mops. Pray, you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on; lay it buy; let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Autol. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad, against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and turn'd into a cold fish, for she wou'd not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dorc. Is it true, too, think you?

Autol. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too.—Another.

Autol. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mops. Let's have some merry ones.

Autol. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of *two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Clown. *Nicholas*, *Dorcas*, and *Mopsa* can sing that: we had the tune on't a month ago.—Come *Nicholas*, strike up.

S O N G.

Man. Get you hence, for I must go,
Whither it fits not you to know.

Dor. *Whither?* *Mop.* *O Whither?* *Dor.* *Whither?*

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too, let me go thither:

Mop. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill,

Dor. If to either thou do'st ill.

Man. *Neither.* Dor. *What neither?* Man. *Neither.*

Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be ;*

Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me :*

Both. *Then, whither go'st ? Say, whither ?*

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves :
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk,
And we'll not trouble them : come, bring away
The pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both :
Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

Autol. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*]

S O N G.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cap ?

My dainty buck my dear-a—— ?

Any silk and thread ? any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a—— ?

Come to the pedler ; money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a——

[*Ex. Autolicus, Clown, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*]

Enter LEONTES and CLEOMINES, from the Farm-House.

Cleom. Why will you not repose you, Sir ? these sports,
The idle merriments of hearts at ease,
But ill will suit the colour of your mind.

Leon. Peace—I enjoy them in a better sort——

Cleomines, look on this pretty damsel ;

[*Pointing to PERDITA.*]

Haply such age, such innocence and beauty,
Had our dear daughter own'd, had not my hand——
O had I not the course of nature stop'd
On weak surmise——I would not think that way——
And yet I must, always, and ever must.

Cleom. No more, my liege——

Leon. Nay, I will gaze upon her; each salt dropt
That trickles down my cheek, relieves my heart,
Which else wou'd burst with anguish.

Polix. (to *Camil.*) Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part
'em;

He's simple, and tells much—how now, fair shepherd;
[To *Florizel.*

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd
The pedler's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing mated with him. If your last
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flor. Old Sir, I know:

She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir; who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Polix. What follow's this?

Leon. How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before?

Polix. You've put him out;
Come to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

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Flor. Do; and be witnesses to't.

Polix. And this my neighbour too.

Flor. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize 'em
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service;
Or to their own perdition.

Polix. Fairly offer'd.

Leon. This shews a found affection.

Old Shep. But, my daughter
Say you like to him?

Perd. I cannot speak
So well; nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of my own thoughts, I cut out
The purity of his.

Old Shep. Take hands—a bargain;
And friends, unknown, you shall bear witnesses to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flor. O, that must be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; and being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then, for your wonder: come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Old Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Polix. Soft, swain, a while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flor. I have; but what of him?

Polix. Knows he of this?

Flor. He neither does, nor shall.

Polix. Methinks a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
The best becomes the table: 'pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid, and again, does nothing
But what he did, being childish!

Flor. No, good Sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength indeed,
Than most have of his age?

Leon. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Shou'd chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) shou'd hold some council
In such a business.

Flor. I yield all this:

But for some other reasons, my grave Sirs,
Which 'tis not fit you know; I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Polix. Let him know't.

Flor. He shall not.

Polix. Prithee, let him.

Leon. O let him.

Flor. No; he must not.

Old Shep. Let him, my son, he shall not heed to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flor. Come, come, he must not:

Mark our contract.

Polix. (*Discovering himself.*) Mark your divorce, young Sir ;

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowleg'd. Thou, a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !

Leon. (*Amaz'd.*) How ! *Polixenes* ! what mystery is this !
I want the power to throw me at his feet,
Nor can I bear his eyes——

[*Leans on Cleomines, and they go apart.*]

Polix. And thou, old traitor, [To the Old Shepherd.
I'm sorry, that by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week : and thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with——

Old Shep. O my heart !

Polix. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin;
Far than our deucation off : mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court—thou churl; for this time
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it; and you enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for your honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,

As thou art tender to it. [*Exit Polixenes and Camillo.*]

Perd. Ev'n here undone !

I was not much afraid ; for once or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike—wil't please you, Sir, be gone?

[To Florizel.

I told you what would hap'—this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Leon. (*Coming forward.*) How now, old father?
Good shepherd, speak.

Old Shep. I cannot speak nor think,
Nor dare to know, that which I know—O Sir,

[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones ; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust—O cursed wretch !

[To Perdita.

Thou knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him——Undone ! undone !
If I might die this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Perd. O my poor father !

Leon. (*To Cleomines.*) The honest wretch, he helpt us at
our need——

I will no longer veil me in this cloud,
But plead unmask'd, this good old shepherd's cause
Before my own ; ev'n at *Bohemia's* knees.

Flor. (*To Perdita.*) Why look you so upon me?
I am but too sorry, not afraid ; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd; what I was, I am,
And ever shall be thine, my *Perdita*!

Perd. Alas, alas! my lord; these hopes are fled!
How often have I told you 'twou'd be thus,
How often said, my dignity wou'd last
But 'till 'twere known?

Flor. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—lift up thy looks!—
From my succession, wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

Leon. Be advis'd——

Flor. I am, and by my fancy; if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Did bid it welcome.

Leon. This is desp'rate, Sir!

Flor. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
It needs must think it honesty; my heart
Is anchor'd here, as rooted as the rocks,
Who stand the raging of the roaring deep,
Immoveable, and fix'd!—let it come on——
I'll brave the tempest!

Perd. Be patient, *Doricles*.

Leon. Passion transports you, prince; be calm a while,
Nor scorn my years and counsel, but attend;——
My lowly seeming, and this outward garment,
But ill denote my quality and office——
Trust to my words, tho' myst'ry obscures 'em——
I know the king your father, and if time,
And many accidents (cease foolish tears)
Have not effac'd my image from his breast,
Perhaps he'll listen to me—I am sorry,

Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her—Prince, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true;
I think affliction my subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Leon. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house, these sev'n years,
Be born another such.

Flor. O reverend Sir!
As you wou'd wish a child of your own youth
To meet his happiness in love, speak for me;
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; and with thought of like affections,
Step forth my advocate.

Leon. You touch me deep,
Deep, to the quick, sweet prince; alas! alas!
I lost a daughter, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
Yon lovely maiden does—of that no more;—
I'll to the king your father—this our compact,
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you.

[Exit Leontes and Cleomines.]

Flor. Dear, look up;
Tho' fortune, visible an enemy,
Shou'd chace us with my father; power, no jot
Hath she to change our loves.

Perd. Alas, my lord,
Bethink yourself, as I do me. Heav'n knows,

All faults I make, when I do come to know 'em,
 I do repent—Alas! I've shewn too much
 A maiden's simpleness; I have betray'd,
 Unwittingly divorc'd a noble prince
 From a dear father's love; have caus'd him sell
 His present honour, and his hop'd reversion,
 For a poor sheep-hook, and its lowly mistress,
 Of lesser price than that—beseech you, Sir,
 Of your own state take care, drown the remembrance
 Of me, my father's cott, and these poor beauties
 Wrong'd by your praise too often.

Flor. My Perdita,

How sweetly dost thou plead against thyself?
 Let us retire, my love—again I swear,
 Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
 Be there out-glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath,
 To thee, my fair betroth'd—with thee I'll fly
 From stormy regions and a low'ring sky;
 Where no base views our purer minds shall move;
 And all our wealth be innocence and love.

A C T III.

Another Part of the Country.

Enter AUTOLICUS, in rich Cloaths.

AUTOLICUS.

HOW fortune drops into the mouth of the diligent man?—see, if I be not transform'd courtier again—four filken gamesters, who attended the king, and were revelling by themselves, at some distance from the shepherds, have drank so plenteously, that their weak brains are turn'd topsy-turvy—I have found one of 'em, an old court comrade of mine, retir'd from the rest, sobering himself with sleep under the shade of a hawthorn; I made use of our ancient familiarity to exchange garments with him; the pedlar's cloaths are on his back, and the pack by his side, as empty as his pockets, for I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, nor a ribband, glass, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn; they throng'd who shou'd buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallow'd, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw to my good use I remember'd—my good *Clown* (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song, that he wou'd not stir his pettitoes 'till he had tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. I pick'd and cut most of their fe-

stival purses : and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army ;—ha, ha, ha, what a fool honesty is ! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I see this is the time the unjust man doth thrive ; the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore—aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot brain. Ev'ry lane's end, ev'ry shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Enter CLOWN and OLD SHEPHERD.

Clown. See, see, what a man you are now—there is no other way, but to tell the king she is a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Old Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Old Shep. Go to, then—

Clown. Let him know the truth of the matter ; how you found her by the sea-side some eighteen years ago ; that there was this bundle with her, with the things and trinkets contained therein ; but there was some money too, which being spent in nursing her, you need say nothing about it, together with all the circumstances of the whole affair ; do it, I say.

Old Shep. And what then, think'st thou ?

Clown. Why then, she being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him : shew those things—I say, you found about her, those secret things : this being done, let the law go whistle—I warrant you.

Old Shep. I will tell the king all, every word ; yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

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Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you cou'd have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know not how much an ounce.

Autol. (Aside.) Very wisely, puppies.

Old Shep. Well, let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Clown. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Autol. (Coming forward.) How now, rustics, whither are you bound?

Old Shep. To th' palace, an' it like your worship.

Autol. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Autol. A lye—you are but rough and hairy; let me have no lying, it becomes none but tradesmen.

Old Shep. Are you a courtier, an' like you, Sir?

Autol. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier—seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? reflect not I on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou of that I insinuate or toze from thee thy business, I am therefor no courtier? cap-à-pee; and one that will either push on, or push back thy business there; whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Old Shep. My business, Sir, is to the king.

Autol. What advocate hast thou to him?

Old Shep. I know not, and't like you.—Advocate!

[*Aside to Clown.*

Clown. Advocate's the court word for a pheasant; say you have none.

[*Apart.*

Old Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Autol. How blest are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefor I will not disdain. [*Aside.*

Clown. (to *Old Shep.*) This cannot be but a great courtier.

Old Shep. (To *Clown.*) His garments are rich, but he wears 'em not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking one's teeth.

Autol. The fardel there, what's in the fardel?
Wherefor that box?

Old Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Autol. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Old Shep. Why, Sir?

Autol. The king is not at the palace, he's gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Old Shep. So, 'tis said, Sir; about his son that shou'd have marry'd a shepherd's daughter.

Autol. If that shepherd be not in hand fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the heart of man, the back of monster.

Old Shep. Think you so, Sir?

Autol. Not he, alone, shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary; an old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace!—Some say he shall be stonn'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cot! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir; do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Autol. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vita, or some other hot infusion; then (raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies, blown to death: but what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest, plain men) what you have to the king; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf, and if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority, close with him, give him gold; tho' authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is often led by the nose with gold; shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado; remember ston'd and flay'd alive. [Aside to Old Shepherd.

Old Shep. And't please you, Sir, undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Autol. After I have done what I promis'd—

Clown. Ay, Sir.

Autol. Well, give me the moiety—are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, Sir: but tho' my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Autol. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. (to *Shep.*) Comfort! good comfort! we must to the king, and shew our strange fights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd, and remain, as he says, your pawn, 'till it be brought you.

Autol. I will trust you; walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge, and follow it.

Clown. We are blest in this man, as I may say, ev'n blest.

Old Shep. Let's before as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Autol. If I had a mind to be honest, I see fortune wou'd not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth—I am courted now, with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the king good; which, who knows how that may turn to my advancement! I will bring these two moles, these blind ones before him; if that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to it: to him will I present them; there may be better in it. [Exit.

SCENE, PAULINA'S House.

Enter PAULINA and a GENTLEMAN.

Paul. Beseech you, Sir, now that my first burst of joy is over, and my ebbing spirits no longer bear down my attention, give my ear again the circumstances of this strange story: *Leontes* arriv'd! escap'd from the fury of the sea! veil'd in the 'semblance of a poor shepherd! and has now thrown himself into the arms of *Polixenes*! 'tis a chain of wonders!

Gent. Yet the tale is not more wonderful than true; I was present at the interview.

Paul. Speak, Sir, speak; tell me all.

Gent. Soon as our king return'd from the palace, he retir'd with the good *Camillo*, to lament the unhappy and ill-plac'd affection of his son: yet, as gleams of sunshine oft break in upon a storm, so, thro' all his indignation, there burst out by intervals paternal love and sorrow; 'twas brought him that a person of no great seeming intreated admittance; a refusal was return'd to his bold request; but the stranger, unaw'd by this discouragement, advanc'd to the king's presence: his boldness had met with an equal punishment, had he not on the sudden assum'd a majesty of mien and feature, that threw a kind of radiance over his peasant garb, and fixt all who saw him with silent wonder and admiration.

Paul. Well, but *Polixenes*!

Gent. He step't forth to the stranger; but 'ere he cou'd enquire the reasons of his presumption—behold, said *Leontes* bursting into grief, behold unhappy king, that much hath wrong'd you—behold *Leontes*!—On this the king started from him—true, I have wrong'd you, cry'd *Leontes*; but if penitence can atone for guilt, behold these eyes, wept dry with honest sorrow; this breast, rent with honest anguish; and if you can suspect that my heart yet harbours those passions which once infested it, here, I offer it to your sword; lay it open to the day!

Paul. O, the force, the charm, of returning virtue!

Gent. Its charm was felt, indeed, by the generous king; for at once forgetting that fatal enmity that had so long divided them, he embrac'd the penitent *Leontes*, with the unfeign'd warmth of one who had found a long lost friend, return'd beyond hope from banishment or death; while *Leontes*, overwhelm'd with such unlook'd-for goodness, fell on

his neck, and wept: thus they stood embracing and embrac'd, in dumb and noble sorrow! Their old friendship being thus renew'd, *Leontes* began his intercession for prince *Florizel*; but *Polixenes*—break we off—here comes the good *Camillo*; speak, thou bear'st thy tidings in thy looks.

Enter CAMILLO.

Cam. Nothing but bonfires—the oracle is fulfill'd! O, *Paulina*, the beatings of my heart, will scarce Permit my tongue to tell thee what it bears.

Paul. I know it all, my friend; the king of *Sicily* is arriv'd.

Cam. Not only the king of *Sicily* is arriv'd, but his daughter; his long-lost daughter, is found.

Paul. Gracious Gods support me! his daughter found! can it be? how was she sav'd? and where has she been conceal'd?

Cam. That shepherdes, our prince has so long and so secretly affected, proves *Sicilia's* heiress: the old shepherd, her suppos'd father, deliver'd the manner how he found her upon the coast, produced a fardel, in which are incontest-ed proofs of every circumstance.

Paul. Can this be true?

Cam. Most true, if ever the truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen *Hermione*, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters (pardon me, the mention of them) of our lord *Antigonus*, found with it, which I know to be his characters; the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter.

Paul. Praised be the Gods! wou'd I had beheld the behaviour of the two kings at the unravelling of this story.

Cam. Ay, *Paulina*, for you have lost a sight, which was to be seen—cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so, and in such a manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of 'em, for their joy waded in tears: there was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. *Sicily*, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, lifted the princess from the earth, and so lock'd her in embracing, as if he would pin her to his heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing: then, as if that joy had now become a loss, cries—Oh, thy mother! thy mother! now he thanks the *Old Shepherd*, who stands by like a weather beaten conduit of many kings reigns; then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries his daughter with clipping her.—I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to draw it.

Paul. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

Cam. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for my eyes, was, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came by it (bravely confess'd and lamented by the king;) how attentiveness wounded his daughter, 'till from one sign of dolor to another, she with an, *Alas!* I wou'd fain say, blend tears—I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there chang'd colour; some swooned, all sorrow'd; if the world cou'd have seen't, the woe had been universal.

Paul. Are they return'd to court?

Cam. Not yet. They were proceeding with due ceremony, amid the clamorous joy of the multitude, when I took advantage of their delay, to recount to you this rhapsody of wonders.

[*Trumpets.*

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Paul. Camillo, haste thee; this royal assembly is entering now the city. Haste thee, with *Paulina's* greeting to the double majesty, and our new found princess; give them to know I have in my keeping a statue of *Hermione*, perform'd by the most rare master in *Italy*; who, had he himself eternity, and cou'd put breath into his work, wou'd beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He, so near to *Hermione*, has done *Hermione*, that they will speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Invite them to the sight of it, put thy message into what circumstance of compliment the time and sudden occasion may admit, and return with best speed to prepare for their unprovided entertainment. [Exit.

Cam. I obey you, madam.

[Exeunt severally.

S C E N E, *the Court.*

Enter AUTOLICUS,

Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, wou'd preferment fall upon my head. I brought the old man and his son to the king's, and told them, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what—but 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it wou'd not have relish'd among my other discredits—here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter OLD SHEPHERD and CLOWN, *fantastically dress'd.*

Old Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. (to *Autolicus.*) You are all well met, Sir; you denied that I was a gentleman born; see these cloaths! say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born—

give me the lie, do—and try whether I am now no gentleman born.

Autol. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so, for any time this half hour.

Old Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then, the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, (that is, that was my sister) call'd my father, father; and so we all wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Old Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Autol. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon all the faults I have committed to your worship; and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Old Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Autol. Ay, an't like your good worship.

Clown. No, it does not like my worship now; but it is like it may like my worship when it is amended; therefore have heed that thou do'st amend it.

Autol. I will, an't like you.

Clown. Give me thy hand; hast nothing in't? am not I a gentleman? I must be gently consider'd—am not I a courtier? Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?

Autol. Here is what gold I have, Sir;—so, I have brib'd him with his own money. *[Aside.*

Clown. And when am I to have the other moiety? and the young man in pawn till you bring it me?

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Autol. After you have done the business, Sir.

Clown. Well, I swear to the prince, thou art as honest a tall fellow as any in *Bohemia*.

Old Shap. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it; I'll swear it.

Old Shap. How, if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be never so false, a true gentleman may swear it in behalf of his friend; and I will swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; no matter for that. (*Trumpets.*) Hark! the kings, and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's statue. Come, follow us, we will be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, PAULINA'S House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, Lords, and Attendants.

Polix. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault cou'd you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last
Do, as the heav'ns have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leont. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues; whilst I gaze upon
This pretty abstract of *Hermione*,
So truly printed off, I can't forget
My blemishes in them.

Paul. Too true, my lord.

If one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are, took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Wou'd be unparallel'd.

Leont. I think so—kill'd!
Kill'd! I kill'd! I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Paul. Touch'd to th' noble heart!
What, my dear sovereign, I said not well;
I meant well; pardon then, a foolish woman—
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more.

Lcont. Ah, good *Paulina*,
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour; O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel; then, ev'n now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Ta'en treasure from her lips!

Paul. All my poor service
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Polix. Oh, *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but your gall'ry
Have we pass'd thro', not without much content
In many singularities, yet we saw not
That which you bad us here to look upon,
The statue of *Hermione*.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
 Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
 Or hand of man hath done; therefor, I keep it
 Lonely, apart; but here it is, prepare
 To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
 Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[She draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.]

I like your silence, it the more shews off
 Your wonder; but yet speak; first you, my liege,
 Comes it not something near?

Leont. Her natural posture!

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
 Thou art *Hermione*, or rather thou art she
 In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
 As infancy and grace; but yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
 So aged as this seems.

Polix. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
 Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
 As she liv'd now.

Leont. As now she might have done,
 So much to my good comfort, as it is
 Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood;
 Ev'n with such life of majesty, (warm life,
 As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
 I am asham'd—O royal piece!

There's magic in thy majesty, which has
 My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and
 From my admiring daughter ta'en the spirits,
 Standing like stone with thee. *(Bursts into tears.)*

Perd. And give me leave,

And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.

Flor. Rise not yet;

I join me in the same religious duty;
Bow to the shadow of that royal dame,
Who, dying, gave my *Perdita* to life,
And plead an equal right to blessing.

Leont. O master-piece of art! nature's deceiv'd
By thy perfection, and at every look
My penitence is all afloat again.

[Weeps.]

Cleom. My lord, your sorrow was too sore lay'd on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Polix. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, have pow'r
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Perd. Let *Perdita*

Put up her first request, that her dear father
Have pity on her father, nor let sorrow
Second the stroke of wonder.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Wou'd thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have shewn it.

Leont. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon, it move.

Leont. Let be, let be;
Wou'd I were dead, but that, methinks, already——
What was he that made it? see, see, my lord,

254 FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

Wou'd you not deem it breath'd; and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Polix. Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leont. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.

My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leont. O, sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let's alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, Sir, I've thus far stirr'd you; but
I cou'd afflict you further.

Leont. Do, *Paulina*,
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort; still, methinks,
There is an air come from her: what fine chissel
Cou'd ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss it.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear;
The ruddiness upon her lips is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting—shall I draw the curtain?

Leont. No, not these twenty years.

Perd. So long cou'd I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Flor. So long cou'd I
Admire her royal image stamp't on thee,
Heirefs of all her qualities.

Paul. Fither forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA. 255

I'll make the statue move indeed, descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leont. What you can make it do,
I am content to look; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then, all stand still:
And those that think it an unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leont. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her—strike——
'Tis time; descend—be stone no more—approach;
Strike all that look on you with marvel!

[*Music; during which she comes down.*]

Leont. (*retiring.*) Heav'nly pow'rs!

Paul. (*to Leont.*) Start not—her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful; do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double; nay, present your hand;
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age
She is become your suitor.

Leont. Support me, Gods!
If this be more than visionary bliss,
My reason cannot hold: my wife! my queen!
But speak to me, and turn me wild with transport;
I cannot hold me longer from these arms;
She's warm! she lives!

Polix. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Perd. O Florizel! [*Perdita leans on Florizel's bosom.*]

256 FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

Flor. My princely shepherdes !
This is too much for hearts of thy soft mold.

Leont. Her beating heart meets mine, and fluttering owns
Its long-lost half: these tears that choak her voice
Are hot and moist—it is *Hermione* ! [Embrace.

Polix. I'm turn'd myself to stone ! where has she liv'd ?
Or how so stolen from the dead ?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, shou'd be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears she lives,
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark them yet a little.
'Tis past all utterance, almost past thought ;
Dumb eloquence beyond the force of words.
To break the charm,
Please you to interpose ; fair madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing ; turn, good lady,
Our *Perdita* is found, and with her found
A princely husband, whose instinct of royalty,
From under the low thatch where she was bred,
Took his untutor'd queen.

Herm. You Gods, look down,
And from your sacred phials pour your graces
Upon their princely heads !

Leont. Hark ! hark ! she speaks——
O pipe, thro' sixteen winters dumb ! then deem'd
Harsh as the raven's note ; now musical
As nature's song, tun'd to th' according spheres.

Herm. Before this swelling flood o'er-bear our reason,
Let purer thoughts, unmix'd with earth's alloy,
Flame up to heav'n, and for its mercy shewn,
Bow we our knees together.

Leont. Oh ! if penitence
Have pow'r to cleanse the foul sin-spotted soul,
Leontes' tears have wash'd away his guilt.

If thanks unfeign'd be all that you require,
Most bounteous Gods, for happiness like mine,
Read in my heart, your mercy's not in vain.

Herm. This firstling duty paid, let transport loose,
My lord, my king,—there's distance in those names,
My husband!

Leont. O my *Hermione*!—have I deserv'd
That tender name?

Herm. No more; be all that's past
Forgot in this enfolding, and forgiven.

Leont. Thou matchless saint!—Thou paragon of virtue!

Perd. O let me kneel, and kiss that honour'd hand.

Herm. Thou *Perdita*, my long-lost child, that fill'st
My measure up of bliss—tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Bohemia's court? for thou shalt hear, that I
Knowing, by *Paulina*, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough
For that, and many matters more of strange
Import—how the queen escap'd from *Sicily*,
Retir'd with me, and veil'd her from the world——
But at this time no more; go, go together,
Ye precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to ev'ry one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leont. No, no, *Paulina*,
Live bless'd with blessing others—my *Polixenes*!

[*Presenting Polixenes to Hermione.*]

What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,

158 FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion—come, our good *Camillo*,
Now pay thy duty here—thy worth and honesty
Are richly noted, and here justified
By us a pair of kings; and last, my queen,
Again I give you this your son-in-law,
And son to this good king by heav'n's directing
Long troth-plight to our daughter.

LEONTES, HERMIONE, and POLIXENES join their hands.

Perd. I am all shame

And ignorance itself, how to put on
This novel garment of gentility,
And yield a patch'd behaviour, between
My country-level, and my present fortunes,
That ill becomes this presence. I shall learn,
I trust I shall with meekness—but I feel,
(Ah happy that I do) a love, an heart
Unalter'd to my prince, my *Florizel*.

Flor. Be still my queen of *May*, my shepherdefs,
Rule in my heart; my wishes be thy subjects,
And harmless as thy sheep.

Leont. Now, good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gape of time, since first
We were dissever'd—then thank the righteous Gods,
Who, after tossing in a perilous sea,
Guide us to port, and a kind beam display,
To gild the happy evening of our day.

End of FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

E V E R Y M A N

I N H I S

H U M O U R .

A

C O M E D Y .

Altered from BEN. JOHNSON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is hoped the liberty that is taken with this celebrated Play of *Ben Johnson*, in omitting some scenes and speeches, and in adding what was necessary for connexion, and a whole scene in the fourth act, will be excused; as the distance of 150 years had rendered some of the humour too obsolete to be hazarded in the representation at present.

P R O L O G U E.

CRITICS! your favour is our author's right—
The well-known scenes, we shall present to-night,
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the strong touches of immortal Ben ;
A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain'd
Applause itself unless by merit gain'd—
And wou'd to-night your loudest praise disclaim,
Shou'd his great shade perceive the doubtful fame,
Not to his labours granted, but his name.
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,
" He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,
" Or purchase their delight at such a rate,
" As, for it, he himself must justly hate :
" But rather begg'd they wou'd be pleas'd to see
" From him, such Plays as other Plays shou'd be :
" Wou'd learn from him to scorn a motley scene,
" And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with men."
Thus spoke the bard—And tho' the times are chang'd,
Since his free muse, for fools the city rang'd ;
And satire had not then appear'd in state,
To lash the finer follies of the great ;
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd ;
With no false niceness this performance view,
Nor damn for Low, whate'er is just and true :
Sure to those scenes some honour shou'd be paid,
Which Cambden patroniz'd, and Shakespear play'd :
Nature was nature then, and still survives ;
The garb may alter, but the substance lives.
Lives in this Play—where each may find complete,
His pictur'd self—Then favour the deceit—
Kindly forget the hundred years between ;
Become old Britons, and admire old Ben.

The PERSONS.

Kitely, a Merchant,	Mr. GARRICK.
Captain Bobadil,	Mr. WOODWARD.
Kno'well, an old Gentleman,	Mr. BERRY.
Ed. Kno'well, his Son,	Mr. ROSS.
Brain-worm, the Father's Man,	Mr. YATES.
Mr. Steven, a Country Gull,	Master VERNON.
Downright, a plain Squire,	Mr. BRANŠBY.
Well-bred, his half-Brother,	Mr. PALMER.
Justice Clement, an old merry Magistrate,	Mr. TASWELL.
Roger Formal, his Clerk,	Mr. CASTOLLO.
Dame Kitely,	Mrs. DAVIES.
Mrs. Bridget, Sister to Kitely,	Miss MINORS.
Mr. Matthew, the Town Gull,	Mr. VAUGHAN.
Cash, Kitely's Man,	Mr. BLAKES.
Cob, a Water-bearer,	Mr. MOZEEEN.
Tib, his Wife,	Mrs. CROSS.

SCENE, LONDON.

EVERY MAN
IN HIS
HUMOUR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Court-yard before KNO'WELL'S
House.*

Enter KNO'WELL and BRAIN-WORM.

KNO'WELL.

A GOODLY day toward! and a fresh morning!
Brain-worm,
Call up your young master: bid him rise, Sir.
Tell him I have some business to employ him.

Bra. I will, Sir, presently. *Kno.* But hear you, firrah,
If he be at his book disturb him not.

Bra. Well, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Kno. How happy, yet, shou'd I esteem myself,
Cou'd I (by any practice) wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account, in both our *Universities*;
Either of which hath favoured him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me

164 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

A fond opinion, that he cannot err.
 Myself was once a student; and, indeed,
 Fed with the self-same humour, he is now,
 Dreaming on nought but idle *poetry*,
 That fruitless, and unprofitable art,
 Good unto none, but least to the professors,
 Which, then, I thought the mistress of all knowledge:
 But since, time and the truth have wak'd my judgment,
 And reason taught me better to distinguish
 The vain from th' useful learnings.

Enter Master STEPHEN.

Cousin *Stephen*!

What news with you 'that you are here so early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done, you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I know that, Sir; I would not ha' come else.
 How doth my cousin *Edward*, uncle?

Kno. O, well, coz, go in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me' an' he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I wou'd fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now; will you?

Step. No wusse; but I'll practise against the next year, uncle; I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Kno. O, most ridiculous.

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle: why, you know; an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the *Greek*, or *Latin*. He is for no gallant's company without 'em. And by gad 's-lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every *hum-drum*; hang 'em

scroyles, there's nothing in 'em, i' the world. What do you talk on it? because I dwell at *Hogsdon*, I shall keep company with none but the archers of *Finsbury*? or the citizens that come a ducking to *Iffington* ponds? A fine jest i' faith; fild, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal absurd coxcomb: go to.

Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.

Take't as you will, Sir, I'll not flatter you.

Ha' you not yet found means enow, to waste

That, which your friends have left you, but you must

Go cast away your money on a kite,

And know not how to keep it, when you've done?

O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!

Well, cousin, well! I see you are e'en past hope

Of all reclaim. Ay, so, now you're told on it,

You look another way. *Step.* What would you ha' me do?

Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,

That would I have thee do: and not to spend

Your coin on every bawble, that you fancy,

Or every foolish brain, that humours you.

I would not have you to invade each place,

Nor thrust yourself on all societies,

Till mens affections, or your own desert,

Should worthily invite you to your rank.

He that is so respectless in his courses,

Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.

Nor would I, you should melt away yourself

In flashing bravery, lest while you affect

To make a blaze of gentry to the world,

A little puff of scorn extinguish it,

266 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

And you be left, like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober and contain yourself;
Not, that your sail be bigger than your boat:
But mod'rate your expences now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still,
Nor, stand so much on your gentility.
Which is an aery, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust, and bones: and none of yours
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Save you, gentleman.

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet, you are welcome; and I assure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, *Middlesex* land: he has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir (at the common law) master *Stephen*, as simple as I stand here; if my cousin die (as there's hope he will) I have a pretty living o' my own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, Sir.

Step. In good time, Sir? why? and in very good time, Sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, Sir.

Step. Not you, Sir; you were not best, Sir; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too: go to. And they can give it again soundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, Sir, let this satisfy you: good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good master *Stephen*, so you may, Sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, Sir, good my faucy companion!

an' you were out o' my uncle's ground, I can tell you; tho' I do not stand upon my gentility neither in't.

Kno. Cousin! cousin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whorson base fellow? a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, and 'twere not for shame, I would——

Kno. What wou'd you do, you peremptory gull?

If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see, the honest man demeans himself

Modestly t'wards you, giving no reply

To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion:

And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage,

As void of wit, as of humanity.

Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am asham'd

Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. [Exit Stephen.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, is this master *Kno'well's* house?

Kno. Yes, marry, is it, Sir.

Serv. I should enquire for a gentleman here, one master *Edward Kno'well*; do you know any such, Sir, I pray you?

Kno. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, sir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end of the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Kno. To me, sir! [To his most selected friend, master Edward Kno'well. What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it?

Serv. One master *Well-bred*, sir.

Kno. Master *Well-bred*! A young gentleman? is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; master *Kitely* married his sister; the rich merchant i' the *Old Jewry*.

Kno. You say very true. *Brain-worm!*

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Make this honest friend drink here: pray you go in.

[Exeunt Brain-worm and Servant.

This letter is directed to my son :

Yet I am *Edward Kno'well* too, and may,

With the safe conscience of good-manners, use

The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious)

Be it for the stile's sake, and the phrase,

To see, if both do answer my son's praises,

Who is, almost, grown the idolater

Of this young *Well-bred*: what have we here? what's this?

[The Letter.]

*Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends
i' th' Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit
there? Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green
apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-west wall: an' I had
been his son, I had saw'd him the labour long since; if, taking in
all the young wenches that pass by, at the back-door, and coddling
every kernel of the fruit for 'em would ha' served. But pry'thee,
come over to me, quickly, this morning: I have such a present for
thee (our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Sig-
nior.) One is a rhimer, Sir, o' your own batch, your own leven;
but doth think himself poet-major o' the town; willing to be
shewn, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his
description with you till you come, because I would ha' you make
hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your
journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any
Guild-Hall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your
viaticum.*

From the wind-mill.

From the *Burdello*, it might come as well;

The *Spittle*: is this the man,

My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,

The choicest brain, the times hath sent us forth?

I know not what he may be, in the arts;

Nor what in schools: but surely, for his manners,

I judge him a profane, and dissolute wretch:

Worse, by profession of such great good gifts,
 Being the master of so loose a spirit.
 Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ,
 In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend?
 Why should he think, I tell my apricots?
 Or play the *Hesperian* dragon with my fruit,
 To watch it? Well, my son, I 'ad thought
 You'd had more judgment, t' have made election
 Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
 Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare
 No arguments, or subject from their jest.
 But I perceive, affection makes a fool
 Of any man, too much the father. *Brain-worm.*

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter.

Brain. Yes, Sir, a pretty while since.

Kno. And where's your young master?

Brain. In his chamber, sir.

Kno. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brain. No, sir, he saw him not.

Kno. Take you this letter, seal it and deliver it my son;
 But with no notice that I have open'd it on your life.

Brain. O Lord, sir, that were a jest, indeed!

Kno. I am resolv'd, I will not stop his journey;
 Nor practise any violent means to stay
 The unbridled course of youth in him: for that,
 Restrain'd, grows more impatient; and, in kind,
 Like to the eager, but the generous gray-hound,
 Who ne'er so little from the game withheld,
 Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat:
 There is a way of winning, more by love,
 And urging of the modesty, than fear:
 Force works on servile natures, not the free,

270 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

He, that's compell'd to goodness, may be good;
But, 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn
By softness, and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warn 'em: and, the same
They shou'd for virtue do, they'll do for shame.

S C E N E II.

Y. KNO'WELL'S Study.

Enter Edw. KNO'WELL and BRAIN-WORM.

E. Kno. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brain. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Kno. That's bad. What countenance (pray thee)
made he i' the reading of it? was he angry, or pleas'd?

Brain. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Kno. No? how know'st thou then, that he did either.

Brain. Marry, sir, because he charg'd me on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it: which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kno. That's true: well, I thank thee, *Brain-worm.*

Enter Master STEPHEN.

Step. O! *Brain-worm*, did'st thou not see a fellow here, in a what-sha'-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brain. Yes, master *Stephen*, what of him?

Step. O! I ha' such a mind to beat him——where is he? can'st thou tell?

Brain. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master *Stephen.*

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brain. He is rid hence. He took horse at the street door.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR 278

Step. And I stay'd i' the fields! Whorson, *Scanderbeg* rogue; O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brain. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But, I ha' no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brain. Why, a fine whisp of hay, roll'd hard, master *Stephen*.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now; let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me——

Brain. You'll be worse vex'd, when you are truss'd, master *Stephen*. But keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold, your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't. How dost thou like my leg, *Brain-worm*?

Brain. A very good leg, master *Stephen*; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh, the stockings be good enough, now Summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against Winter, that I go to dwell i' the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose.

Brain. Believe me, master *Stephen*, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would; I have a reasonable good leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good leg, master *Stephen*, but I cannot stay to praise it longer now; I am very sorry for't. [Exit.

Step. Another time will serve, *Brain-worm*. Gramercy, for this.

E. Kno. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. 'Slid! I hope he laughs not at me, an' he do—

E. Kno. Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! He cannot but think most virtuously both of me and the sender, sure, that make the careful coster-

monger of him in our *Familiar Epistles*. I wish I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens——What! my wise cousin! Nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more tow'rd the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O, for a fourth. Fortune! If ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I intreat thee——

Step. O, now I see who he laughs at. He laughs at somebody in a letter. By this good light, an' he had laugh't at me——

E. Kno. How now, cousin *Stephen*, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laugh't at me, cousin.

E. Kno. Why, what an' I had, coz, what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kno. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you indeed?

E. Kno. Yes indeed?

Step. Why, then——

E. Kno. What then?

Step. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. Kno. Why, be so, gentle coz. And I pray you, let me intreat a curtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' the *Old Jewry*, to come to him: it's but crossing over the fields to *More-gate*: will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, an' 'twere; you shall command me, twice so far as *More-gate*, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest——

E. Kno. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my sackins, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Kno. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so, neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Kno. Your turn, coz? do you know what you say? A gentleman of your fort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me, alone, like a water-bearer at the conduit! fie. A wight, that (hitherto) his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, at every word the favour of a strong spirit! and he! this man! so graced, so gilded, or (as I may say) so *tin-foyl'd* by nature—Come, come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so; and let the *idea* of what you are, be portray'd i' your face, that men may read i' your physiognomy: *Here, within this place, is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature, which is all one.* What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do not think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been, I'll assure you.

E. Kno. Why, that's resolute, master *Stephen*! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb-humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kno. Follow me? You must go before.

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Street before COBB'S House.

Enter Mr. MATTHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house: what, ho!

Enter COBB from the House.

Cob. Who's there. O, master *Matthew*! gi' your worship good-morrow.

Mat. What! *Cob*! how dost thou, good *Cob*? dost thou inhabit here, *Cob*?

Cob. Ay, fir, I and my lineage, ha' kept a poor house here in our days.

Mat. *Cob*, can'st thou shew me a gentleman, one captain *Bobadil*, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, fir? you mean?

Mat. Thy guest! alas! ha, ha.

Cob. Why do you laugh, fir? Do you not mean captain *Bobadil*?

Mat. *Cob*, 'pray thee, advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman and thyself too. I dare be sworn he scorns thy house: he! he lodge in such a base, obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed, if thou'ldst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give him, though, fir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in't we could not get him to bed, all night! well, fir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to go up, fir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloke wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost; and yet (I warrant) he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done, to-night.

Mat. Why? was he drunk?

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Cob. Drunk, fir? You hear me not say so. Perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, Sir; I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there, ho. God b' w' you, fir, it's six o'clock: I should ha' carried two turns by this. What ho? my stopple? come.

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings! well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What *Tib*, shew this gentleman up to the captain.

[*Tib* shews *Mr. Mat.* into the House.]

You wou'd ha' some now, wou'd take this *Mr. Matthew* to be a gentleman at the least. His father is an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is: O, my guest is a fine man! he does swear the legiblest, of any man christened: by *St. George*,—the foot of *Pharaoh*,—the body of me,—as I am a gentleman,—and a foldier; such dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish *Tobacco*, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth out at's tonnels! Well, he owes me forty shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse by sixpence a time) besides his lodging; I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he says, the next *action*. *Helter shelter*, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hang-man. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

A Room in COB's House.

BOBADIL discover'd upon a Bench. *TIB* enters to him.

Bob. Hostess, hostess.

Tib. What say you, fir?

M m 2

Bob. A cup o' thy small-beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below, would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'ods so, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague—what meant he?

Mat. (*within.*) Captain *Bobadil*!

Bob. Who's there? (take away the bafon, good hostess) come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house here.

Enter Mr. MATTHEW.

Mat. 'Save you, sir, 'save you, captain.

Bob. Gentle master *Matthew*! is it you, sir? Please you, sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain, you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drank to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me by whom, good captain.

Bob. Marry, by young *Well-bred*, and others: why, hostess, a stool for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well,

Bob. Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet: I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith some half-hour to seven: now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private.

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you, master *Matthew*, (in any case) possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who? I sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabbins

is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, (as yourself, or so) I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, Sir, I resolve so. [*Pulls out a paper and reads.*]

Bob. I confess, I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new piece ha' you there? Read it.

Mat. [*reads.*] *To thee the purest object of my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,*

*Send I these lines wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.*

Bob. 'Tis good, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage: the infancy of my muses: but, when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can shew you some very good things, I have done of late——That boot becomes your leg, passing well, captain, methinks!

Bob. So, so, it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, master *Well-bred's* elder brother, and I, are fall'n out exceedingly: this other day, I happen'd to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful, and gentleman-like! Yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down, for the most pied, and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. 'Squire *Down-right*' the half-brother? was't not?

Mat. Ay, Sir, *George Down-right*.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By *St George*, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd

clown of *Christendom*, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! he has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs! a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay' and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be: for I was sure, it was none of his word. But when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of *Pharaoh*, an' 'twere my case now, I should send him a challenge, presently. The bastinado! A most proper, and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great *Caranza*. Come hither, you shall challenge him. I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure: the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed you have absolute knowlege i' the mystery, I have heard, Sir.

Bob. Of whom? of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it, spoken of by divers, that you have very rare and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth: some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time distance, or so. I have profest it more for noblemen, and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you. I'll give

you a lesson. Look you, sir. Exalt not your point above this state, at any hand; so, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet comely gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly! Come, put on your cloke, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some tavern, or so—and have a bit—What money ha' you about you, Mr. *Matthew*?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least: but, come. We will have a bunch of radishes, and salt, to taste our wine; and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach: and then we'll call upon young *Well-bred*. Perhaps we shall meet the *Corydon*, his brother, there; and put him to the question. Come along, Mr. *Matthew*. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Warehouse, belonging to KITELY.

Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWN-RIGHT.

KITELY.

THOMAS, come hither,
There lies a note within, upon my desk,
Here take my key: it is no matter, neither.
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, i' the warehouse.

Kit. Let him tell over straight that *Spanish* gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Do you

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See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Mr. *Lucar*. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the Grograns at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the *Exchange*, anon.

Cash. Good, Sir.

[Exit.

Kite. Do you see that fellow, brother *Down-right*?

Dow. I, what of him?

Kite. He is a jewel, brother,—

I took him of a child, up, at my door,
And christ'ned him, gave him my own name, *Thomas*,
Since bred him, at the hospital; where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And find him, in his place, so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As, it is like, he is: although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you'd somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't?

Kite. Faith, I am very loth to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But, that I know, your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection—

Dow. What need this circumstance? Pray you be direct.

Kite. I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship; nor, in what regard
I hold your love: but let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, but confirm
How well I've been affected to your—

Dow. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.

Kite. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother *Well-bred*, Sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.

When he came first to lodge here in my house,
 Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him :
 Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
 So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
 And, what was chief, it shew'd not borrowed in him,
 But all he did, became him as his own,
 And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possesst
 As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
 But now his course is so irregular,
 So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace;
 And he himself withal so fal'n off
 From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
 To tell mens judgments where he lately stood.
 He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
 Forgetful of his friends, and not content
 To stale himself in all societies,
 He makes my house here, common as a mart;
 A theatre; a public receptacle,
 For giddy humour and diseased riot;
 And here (as in a tavern, or a stew,)
 He, and his wild associates, spend their hours,
 In repetition of lascivious jests,
 Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
 Controul my servants: and indeed what not?

Dow. 'Sdains, I know not what I should say to him i'
 the whole world! he values me at a crack'd three-farthings,
 for ought I see: it will never out o' the flesh that's bred i'
 the bone! I have told him enough, one would think, if
 that would serve. Well! he knows what to trust to, for
George. Let him spend and spend, and domineer, till his
 heart ake an' he think to be reliev'd by me, when he is got
 into one o' your city-pounds, the counters, he has the wrong
 sow by the ear, i' faith; and claps his dish at a wrong

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man's door. I'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere I part with't, to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kite. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you, thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers, for anger! but, why are you so tame? why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kite. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother; But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it, (Though but with plain and easy circumstance) It would, both come much better to his sense, And favour less of stomach, or of passion. You are his elder brother, and that title Both gives, and warrants you authority: Whereas, if I should intimate the least, It would but add contempt to his neglect. Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred, That, in the rearing, would come tott'ring down, And, in the ruin, bury all our love. Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak, He would be ready, from his heat of humour, And over-flowing of the vapour, in him, To blow the ears of his familiars, With the false breath, of telling, what disgraces, And low disparagements I had put upon him. Whilst they, sir, to relieve him, in the fable, Make their loose comments upon ev'ry word, Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over, And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'ies, Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me. And what would that be, think you? marry, this, They would give out (because my wife is fair, Myself but newly married, and my sister Here sojourning a virgin in my house)

That I were jealous! nay, as sure as death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext, to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so: they're like enough to do it.

Kite. Brother, they would, believe it: so should I
(Like one of these penurious quack-salvers)
But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
And try experiments upon myself:
Lend scorn and envy, opportunity
To stab my reputation, and good name.—

Enter MATTHEW and BOBADIL.

Mat. I will speak to him——

Bob. Speak to him? away, by the foot of *Pharaoh*, you
shall not, you shall not do him that grace.

Kite. What's the matter, sirs?

Bob. The time of day, to you, gentlemen o' the house.
Is Mr. *Well-bred* stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within,
sir?

Kite. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure
you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you.

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfy'd me, I'll talk to
no scavenger. [Exit Bobadil and Matthew.

Dow. How, scavenger? stay, sir, stay?

Kite. Nay, brother *Down-right*.

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, and you love me.

Kite. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother,
good faith you shall not: I will over-rule you.

Dow. Ha! scavenger? well, go to, I say little: but by
this good day (God forgive me I should swear) if I put it

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up so, say, I am the rankest coward ever liv'd: 'fdains, an' I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the fight of *Fleet-street* again, while I live; I'll sit in a barn, with *Madge-bowlet*, and catch mice first. Scavenger?

Kite. Oh, do not fret yourself thus, never think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's comforts, these! these are his comrades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, and I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am griev'd it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews, so he shall drink, for *George*, again. Yet, he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an' I live, i' faith.

Kite. But brother, let your reprehension, then,
Run in an easy current, not o'er-high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

[*Bell rings*.]

Kite. How now? oh, the bell rings to breakfast.
Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife
Company till I come; I'll but give order
For some dispatch of business to my servant——

Dow. I will—scavenger, scavenger!— *Exit Down-right*.

Kite. Well, tho' my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,
It is not repos'd in that security
As I could wish: but, I must be content.
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world,
Would I had lost this finger, at a venture,
So *Well-bred* had ne'er lodg'd within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.

Is't like, that factious beauty will preserve
 The public weal of chastity unshaken,
 When such strong motives muster, and make head
 Against her single peace? no, no. Beware,
 When mutual appetite doth meet to treat.
 And spirits of one kind and quality,
 Come once to parly, in the pride of blood;
 It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
 Well, to be plain, if I but thought, the time
 Had answer'd their affections; all the world
 Should not persuade me, but I were a cuckold!
 Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
 For opportunity hath bilkt 'em yet,
 And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
 To attend the impositions of my heart.
 My presencc shall be as an iron-bar,
 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire;
 Yea, every look or glance, mine eye ejects,
 Shall cheek occasion, as one doth his slave,
 When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter Dame KITELY.

Dame. Sister *Bridget*, pray you fetch down the rose-water
 above in the closet. Sweetheart, will you come in to break-
 fast?

Kite. An' she have over-heard me now?

Dame. I pray thee, good mufs, we stay for you.

Kite. By heav'n I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame. What ail you, sweetheart, are you not well: speak
 good mufs.

Kite. Troth my head akes extremely, on a sudden.

Dame. Oh, the Lord!

Kite. How now? what?

Dame. Alas, how it burns! mufs, keep you warm, good

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truth it is this new disease! there's a number are troubled withal! for love's sake, sweetheart, come in, out of the air.

Kite. How simple, and how subtle are her answers! A new disease, and many troubled with it! Why, true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm in troth.

Kite. I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame. Pray heav'n it do. [Exit Dame,

Kite. A new disease? I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals plague;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First, it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment, and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memory;
Still each to other giving the infection.
Which, as a subtle vapour, spreads itself,
Confusedly through every sensitive part,
Till not a thought, or motion in the mind,
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah, but what misery is it to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's direction,
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
(In spite of this black cloud) myself to be,
And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

MORE-FIELDS.

Enter BRAIN-WORM, disguis'd like a Soldier.

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot choofe but laugh to fee myfelf tranflated thus. Now muft I create an intolerable fort of lies, or my prefent profeffion lofes the grace; and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the *fico*. O, fir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vileft eftimation, that inwardly is moft dear to us. So much for my borrow'd fhape. Well, the truth is, my old mafter intends to follow my young, dry foot over *Moor-fields*, to *London* this morning: now I, knowing of this hunting-match, or rather confpiracy, and to infinuate with my young mafter (for fo muft we that are blue-waiters, and men of hope and fervice do) have got me afore in this difguife, determining here to lie in ambufcade, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purfe, his hat, nay any thing to cut him off, that is, to ftay his journey—*Veni, vidi, vici*, I may fay with captain *Cæfar*, I am made for ever, I faith. Well, now muft I praftife to get the true garb of one of thefe lance-knights, my arm here, and my— young mafter! and his coufin, Mr. *Stephen*, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no foldier! [*Retires.*]

Enter Ed. KNO'WELL and Mafter STEPHEN.

E. Kno. So, fir, and how then, coz.

Step. S'foot, I have loft my purfe, I think.

E. Kno. How? loft your purfe? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell, ftay.

Brain. 'Slid I am afraid they will know me, would I could get by them.

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E. Kno. What? ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewitch'd, I——

E. Kno. Nay, do not weep the loss, hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here: no, an' it had been lost, I had not car'd, but for a jet-ring mistress *Mary* sent me.

E. Kno. A jet-ring? oh the poesy, the poesy?

Step. Fine, i' faith! *Though fancy sleep, my love is deep.* Meaning that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Kno. Most excellent!

Step. And then, I sent her another, and my poesy was;
The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.

E. Kno. How, by *St. Peter*? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, *St. Peter*, to make up the metre.

E. Kno. Well, there the faint was your good patron, he help'd you at your need: thank him, thank him.

Brain. I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture come what will. Gentlemen, please you exchange a few crowns, for a very excellent good blade, here. I am a poor gentleman, a foldier; one that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorn'd so mean a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen, well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, than live with shame: however vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not myself. This condition agrees not with my spirit.——

E. Kno. Where hast thou serv'd?

Brain. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of *Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland*, where not, Sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in *Christendom*. I was twice shot at the taking of *Aleppo*, once at the relief of *Vienna*; I have been at *Mar-seilles, Naples*, and the *Adriatic gulph*, a gentleman-slave in

the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maim'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brain. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend: but what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brain. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in *Europe*.

E. Kno. Ay, with a velvet scabbard.

Step. Nay, and't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis and you would give me an angel.

Brain. At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure *Toledo*.

Step. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*! but tell me, what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt——

E. Kno. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow, I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like a higgins-bottom? and may have a rapier for money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Kno. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Kno. Come away, you are a fool.

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Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted: but I'll have it for that word's sake. Follow me for your money

Brain. At your service, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. I cannot lose the thought, yet of this letter
Sent to my son: nor leave to admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.
When I was young, he liv'd not in the stews
Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it
On a grey head: age was authority
Against a buffoon: and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life.

But, now, we are all fall'n; youth, from their fear;
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,
That did destroy the hopes, in our own children:
Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles,
And suck'd-in our ill customs with their milk.
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning! The first words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jests.
Can it call *whore*? cry *bastard*? O, then kiss it,
A witty *child*! can't swear! the father's darling!
Give it two plumbs. Nay, rather than't shall learn
No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it!
But, this is in the infancy;
When it puts off all this. Ay, it is like:
When it is gone into the bone already.
No, no: this die goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin. It stains unto the liver
And heart, in some. And rather than it should not,
Note, what we fathers do! Look how we live!

What mistresses we keep ! at what expence,
And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction !
Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he
That travell'd with my son before sixteen,
To shew him the *Venetian* courtezans,
Not read the grammar of cheating, I had made
To my sharp boy at twelve: repeating still
The rule *Get money ; still, get money, boy ;*
No matter by what means.

These are the trade of fathers, now ! however,
My son, I hope, hath met with in my threshold
None of these household precedents ; which are strong,
And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
Swept, or kept sweet from filth !
If he will live abroad with his companions,
In dung, and brothels ; it is worth a fear.
Nor is the danger of conversing less
Than all that I have mention'd of example.

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

Brain. My master ? nay faith, have at you : I am flesh'd
now, I have sped so well. Worshipful sir, I beseech you
respect the state of a poor soldier ; I am ashamed of this base
course of life (God's my comfort) but extremity provokes
me to't: what remedy ?

Kno. I have not for you now.

Brain. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no
ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I
protest to you, a man I have been, a man I may be by your
sweet bounty.

Kno. Pr'ythee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brain. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of
a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two

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cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship—

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate——

Brain. Oh, tender sir, need will have his course: I was not made to this vile use! well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: [*he weeps.*] It's hard, when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus—Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time; by this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: sweet honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder
To think a fellow of thy outward presence
Should in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and fordid-base!
Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour: nay, what can I name
But would become thee better than to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in,
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insists in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

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Brain. Faith, fir, I would gladly find some other course, if so——

Kno. Ay, you'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brain. Alas! fir, where should a man seek? in the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days, but—and for service, would it were as soon purchas'd as wish'd for (the air's my comfort) I know what I would say——

Kno. What's thy name?

Brain. Please you, *Fitz-Sword*, fir.

Kno. *Fitz-Sword*?

Say that a man would entertain thee now,

Would'st thou be honest, humble, just and true?

Brain. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier——

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths; Speak plainly, man: what think'st thou of my words?

Brain. Nothing, fir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my service should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds will carry a proportion to thy words.

Brain. Yes, fir, straight; I'll but garter my hose. Oh that that belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! Never was bottle or bag-pipe fuller. 'Slid! was there ever seen such a fox in years to betray himself thus? Now shall I be possessed of all his counsels; and by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolv'd to prove my honesty; faith and I am resolv'd to prove his patience: Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sight of a red coat, or a musket-rest again. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey! well, I'll follow him: Oh! how I long to be employed! [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

S T O C K S - M A R K E T.

Enter MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, and BOBADIL.

MATTHEW.

YES, faith, fir; we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Well. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Well. Who? my brôther *Down-right*?

Bob. He. Mr. *Well-bred*, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sun-shine of reputation to throw the least beam of regard upon such a——

Well. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part——

Well. Good captain [*faces about*] to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, fir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by *St. George*.

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion——

Well. Oh, Mr. *Matthew*, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos aquus amavit Jupiter*.

Mat. I understand you, fir.

Enter Y. KNO'WELL and STEPHEN.

Well. No question you do, or you do not, fir. *Ned*

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Kno'well! by my soul, welcome! how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love *Apollo* and the mad *Thespian* girls the better while I live, for this, my dear fury: now I see there's some love in thee! firrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? Why dost thou not speak?

E. Kno. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter.

Well. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kno. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was never guilty of reading the like; match it in all *Pliny's* epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what camel it was that had the carriage of it? for doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it!

Well. Why?

E. Kno. Why, sayest thou? why dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too) could have mistaken my father for me?

Well. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Kno. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't now: but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, before I saw it.

Well. What a dull slave was this? But, firrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not what he said: but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Well. What, what?

E. Kno. Marry, thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I not a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Well. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but firrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hangbys here; thou wilt take exceed-

ing pleasure in 'em if thou hear'st 'em once go: my wind-instruments. I'll wind 'em up.—But what strange piece of silence is this? the sign of the dumb man?

E. Kno. Oh, fir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an' he please, he has his humour, fir.

Well. Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension. I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him, so.

Well. Well, captain *Bobadil*, Mr. *Matthew*, I pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, fir, but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is Mr. *Stephen*, fir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, fir, his father is mine uncle, fir; I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, fir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man, but for Mr. *Well-bred's* sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please) I do communicate with you: and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Kno. And I fewer, fir. I have scarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, fir, so given to it?

[To Mr. *Stephen*.

Step. Ay, truly, fir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, fir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, fir: I am melancholy myself divers times, fir; and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets, at a sitting.

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kno. Oh, ay, excellent!

Well. Captain *Bobadil*, why muse you so?

E. Kno. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was perform'd to-morrow, being *St. Mark's days* shall be some ten years now.

E. Kno. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of *Strigonium*, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any where in *Europe*, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure, that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of— what do you call it, last year, by the *Genoesse*; but that (of all other) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit, that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and soldier.

Step. 'So, I had as lief as an angel, I could swear as well as that gentleman!

E. Kno. Then you were a servitor at both, it seems; at *Strigonium*? and what do you call't?

Bob. Oh Lord, sir! by *St. George*, I was the first man that enter'd the breach: and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's, and your own, i' faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. Pray you, mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Kno. You must bring me to the rack first.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir: they had planted me three demi-culverings, just in the mouth of the breach: now, sir, as we were to give on, their master gunner (a

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man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire: I spying his intendment, discharg'd my petriol in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the *Moors*, that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em all pell-mell to the sword.

Well. To the sword? to the rapier, captain?

E. Kno. Oh, it was a good figure observ'd, sir! but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon, that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh: shall I tell you, sir? you talk of *Morglay*, *Excalibur*, *Durindina*, or so? tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em, I know the virtue of mine own, and therefor I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I marvel whether it be a *Toledo*, or no?

Bob. A most perfect *Toledo*, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir: yes, faith, it is!

Bob. This a *Toledo*? pish.

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A *Fleming*, by heaven; I'll buy them for a gilder a piece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kno. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Well. Where bought you it, Mr. *Stephen*?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier (a hundred of lice go with him) he swore it was a *Toledo*.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mafs, I think it be, indeed! now I look on't better.

E. Kno. Nay, the longer you look on't the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up, but by——(I ha' forgot the

captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it) an' e'er I meet him——

Well. O, 'tis past help now, fir, you must ha' patience.

Step. Whorson cony-catching rascal! I cou'd eat the very hilts for anger!

E. Kno. A sign of good digestion! you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach? I would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

Well. It's better as 'tis: come, gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

E. Kno. A miracle, cousin, look here! look here!

Step. O, god'slid, by your leave, do you know me, fir?

Brain. Ay, fir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brain. Yes, marry, did I, fir.

Step. You said it was a *Toledo*, ha?

Brain. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none?

Brain. No, fir, I confess it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confest it. By God's will, an' you had not confest it—

E. Kno. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Well. Why, you have done like a gentleman, he has confest it, what wou'd you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see?

E. Kno. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty piece of civility! firrah, how dost like him?

Well. O, it's a most precious fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

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E. Kno. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brain. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

E. Kno. With me, sir? you have not another *Toledo* to sell, ha' you?

Brain. You are conceited, sir; your name is Mr. *Kno'well*, as I take it.

E. Kno. You are i' the right: you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brain. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

E. Kno. Of as bare a coat, though? well, say, sir.

Brain. Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, (this smoky varnish being wash'd off, and three or four patches removed) I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father; *Brain-worm.*

E. Kno. Brain-worm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brain. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning: the same that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kno. My father!

Brain. Nay, never start, 'tis true, he has followed you over the fields, by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Kno. Sirrah, *Well-bred*, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over after me.

Well. Thy father, where is he?

Brain. At justice *Clement's* house here, in *Coleman-street*, where he but stays my return; and then——

Well. Who's this? *Brain-worm?*

Brain. The same, sir.

Well. Why how, i' the name of wit, comest thou transmuted thus?

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Brain. Faith, a device, a device : nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here, withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

E. Kno. Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Ware-House.

Kite. What says he, *Thomas*? did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, fir, within this half hour.

Kite. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, fir, the money was brought in last night.

Kite. O, that's well: fetch me my cloke, my cloke.

Stay, let me see, an hour, to go and come;

Ay, that will be the least: and then 'twill be

An hour before I can dispatch with him;

Or very near: well, I will say two hours.

Two hours? ha? things, never dream'd of yet,

May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too,

In two hours absence: well, I will not go.

Two hours; no, fleeing opportunity,

I will not give your subtilty that scope.

Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd

That sets his doors wide open to a thief,

And shews the felon where his treasure lies?

Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt

To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,

When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?

I will not go, Business go by, for once.

No, Beauty, no; you are too too precious

To be left so, without a guard, or open!

You must be then kept up, close, and well-watch'd;

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For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand
Devours, or swallows swifter! he that lends
His wife (if she be fair) or time, or place,
Compels her to be false. I will not go.
The dangers are too many. I am resolv'd for that.
Carry in my cloke again. Yet, stay. Yet, do too.
I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, *Snare*, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kite. That's true! fool on me! I had clean forgot it; I must go. What's o' clock?

Cash. Exchange time, sir.

Kite. 'Heart then well *Well-bred* presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose comforts.
I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run, like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd, and turn'd:
So, that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act. It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me. *Thomas?*

Cash. Sir.

Kite. Yet now, I have bethought too, I will not—
Thomas, is *Cob* within?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kite. But he'll prate too, there's no speech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to *Thomas*,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But should he have a chink in them, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for ever: talk for th' Exchange.
The manner he hath stood with, 'till this present,
Doth promise no such change! what should I fear then?

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.

Thomas—you may deceive me, but I hope——

Your love to me is more——

Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kite. I thank you heartily, *Thomas*; gi' me your hand:
With all my heart, good *Thomas*. I have, *Thomas*,
A secret to impart unto you—but
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up:
So far I tell you, *Thomas*

Cash. Sir, for that——

Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think, I esteem you, *Thomas*,
When I will let you in, thus to my private.
It is a thing fits nearer to my crest,
Than thou art aware of, *Thomas*. If thou shouldst
Reveal it, but——

Cash. How? I reveal it?

Kite. Nay,
I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st,
'Twere a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery.
Give it no other name.

Kite. Thou wilt not do't then?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever.

Kite. He will not swear, he has some reservation.
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning, sure:
Else (being urged so much) how should he choose,
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He's no fanatic, I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it? urge him again,
And by some other way? I will do so.
Well, *Thomas*, thou hast sworn not to disclose;
Yes, you did swear?

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Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you——

Kite. No, *Thomas*, I dare take thy word,
But if thou wilt swear, do, as thou think's good;
I am resolv'd without it; at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word,
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kite. It's too much, these ceremonies need not;
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.

Thomas, come hither, near: we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is.
(Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture)
I have of late, by divers observations——

But whether his oath can bind him, there it is.
I will bethink me e're I do proceed:——

Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kite. I will think. Give me my cloke. And, *Thomas*,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and *Traps*.

Cash. I will, sir.

Kite. And, hear you, if your mistress's brother *Well-bred*
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come back; let one straight bring me word.

Cash. Very well, sir.

Kite. To the exchange; do you hear?
Or here in *Coleman-street*, to justice *Clement's*.
Forget it not, nor be out of the way.

Cash. I will not, sir.

Kite. I pray you have a care on't.
Or whether, he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kite. Be't your special business

Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kite. But, *Thomas*, this is not the secret, *Thomas*,
I told you of.

Cash. No, sir. I do suppose it.

Kite. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kite. By heaven! it is not; that's enough. But *Thomas*,
I would not you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence. *Thomas*, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this.
But *Thomas*, keep this from my wife, I charge you.
Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here,
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [Exit.

Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head? ha?
Best dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I sink! the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all! but soft,
Here is company; now must I——

Enter WELL-BRED, Edw. KNO'WELL, BRAIN-WORM,
BOBADIL, STEPHEN.

Well. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and
exceedingly well carried!

E. Kno. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well,
did it not?

Well. Yes, faith! but was't possible thou should'st not
know him? I forgive Mr. *Stephen*, for he is stupidity itself.

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E. Kno. 'Fore heav'n, not I. He had so writen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decay'd, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round.

Well. Why, *Brain-worm*, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Kno. An artificer? an architect! except a man had studied begging all his life-time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it! I never saw his rival.

Well. Where got'st thou this coat, I marvel?

Brain. Of a *Hounsditch* man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Enter CASH.

Cash. *Francis! Martin!* ne'er a one to be found now? what a spite's this?

Well. How now, *Thomas*, is my brother *Kitely* within?

Cash. No, sir; my master went forth e'en now; but master *Down-right* is within. *Cob!* what *Cob?* is he gone too?

Well. Whither went your master? *Thomas*, can'st thou tell?

Cash. I know not; to justice *Clement's* I think, sir. *Cob!*

[*Exit Cash.*]

E. Kno. Justice *Clement!* what's he?

Well. Why, dost thou not know him? he is a city magistrate, a justice here; an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar: but the only mad merry old fellow in *Europe!* I shew'd him you the other day.

E. Kno. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith! and he has a very strange presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men. I have heard many of these jests i' the university. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Well. Ay, or wearing his cloke of one shoulder, or serving of God: any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

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Enter CASH.

Cash. *Gasper, Martin, Cob!* 'Heart! where should they be, trow?

Bob. Master *Kitely's* man, pr'ythee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match, no time but now to vouchsafe?
Francis, Cob.

Bob. Body of me! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado!* Did you never take any, master *Stephen?*

Step. No, truly, Sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you the world shall not reprove. I have been in the *Indies* where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowlege, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefor it cannot be but 'tis most divine, especially your *Trinidado.* Your *Nicotian* is good too: I hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in *Europe*, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Kno. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth!

Enter CASH and COB.

Cash. At justice *Clement's* he is, in the middle of *Coleman-street.*

Cob. O, ho!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee? master *Kitely's* man?

Cash. Here it it, sir.

Cob. By God's-me! I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! it's good for nothing but to choke a wan, and fill him full of smoke and embers.

[*Bob. beats him with a cudgel; Mat. runs away.*]

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All. Oh, good captain! hold, hold!

Bob. You base scullion, you.

Cash. Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough serv'd.

Cob. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live! I will have justice for this.

Bob. Do you prate? do you murmur? [*Bob. beats him off.*]

E. Kno. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?

Bob. A whorson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! body o' *Cesar*, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth.

Well. Marry, the law forbid, fir.

Bob. By *Pharaoh's* foot, I would have done it. [*Exit.*]

Step. Oh, he swears admirably! by *Pharaoh's* foot, body of *Cesar*; I shall never do it, sure; upon mine honour, and by *St. George*; no I ha'nt the right grace.

Well. But soft, where's *Mr. Matthew*? gone?

Brain. No, fir; they went in here.

Well. O, let's follow them: master *Matthew* is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnish'd. *Brain-worm*?

Step. *Brain-worm*? where? is this *Brain-worm*?

E. Kno. Ay, cousin, no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! by this air, *St. George*, and the foot of *Pharaoh*!

Well. Rare! your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Kno. 'Tis larded with 'em. A kind of *French* dressing, if you love it. Come, let's in. Cousin, cousin. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Hall in Justice CLEMENT'S House.

Enter KITELY and COB.

Kite. Ha! how many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your, brother, master *Well-bred*——

Kite. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see; one, two; mass, I know not well, there are so many.

Kite. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them, at the most.

Kite. A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide and large! but *Cob*,
How long hast thou been coming hither, *Cob*?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kite. Did'st thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kite. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!
Bane to my fortunes: what meant I to marry?
I, that before was ranck'd in such content,
My mind at rest too in so soft a peace,
Being free master of my own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? what, never sigh;
Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! nay, when such flowing store,
Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,
The *Cornucopia* will be mine, I know. But *Cob*,
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome! ha?

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

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Kite. No; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state and faculty.

Cob. which of them was't that first kiss'd my wife?

(My sister, I should say) my wife, alas,

I fear not her: ha? who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kite. Ay, good *Cob*, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for *Bridewell*, than
your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kiss'd,
unless they wou'd have kiss'd the post in the middle of the
warehouse; for there I left 'em all, at their tobacco, with
a pox!

Kite. How! were they not gone in then, ere thou cam'st?

Cob. O, no, sir!

Kite. Spite o' the devil! what do I stay here then? *Cob*,
follow me, [Exit.

Cob. Nay, soft and fair, I have eggs on the spit. Now
am I for some five and fifty reasons hammering, hammer-
ing revenge: nay, an' he had not lain in my house, 'twould
never have griev'd me; but, being my guest, one that I'll
be sworn I lov'd and trusted; and he to turn monster of in-
gratitude, and strike his lawful host! well, I hope to raise
up an host of fury for't. I'll to justice *Clement* for a war-
rant. Strike his lawful host! [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in KITELY's House.

Enter DOWN-RIGHT and Dame KITELY.

DOWN-RIGHT.

WELL, sister, I tell you true: and you'll find it so, in the end.

Dame. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it: you see my brother brings 'em in here, they are his friends.

Down. His friends? his fiends! 'Slud they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villany, that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'em; and 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em: they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis no body's fault but yours; for an' you had done, as you might have done, they should have been parboil'd and bak'd too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in e'er a one of 'em.

Dame. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this! could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world to hear you talk so without any sense or reason!

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Enter Mrs. BRIDGET, Mr. MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, STEPHEN, Ed. KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, and CASH.

Bridge. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth,
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress; and I mean as well.

Down. Hay-day, here is stuff!

Well. O, now stand close: pray heav'n she can get him
to read; he should do it of his own natural impudence.

Bridge. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an old toy—I'll read
it if you please.

Bridge. Pray you do, servant.

Down. O, here's no foppery! death, I can endure the
stocks better.

E. Kno. What ails thy brother? can he not bear the read-
ing of a ballad.

Well. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a
bagpipe. But, mark, you lose the protestation.

Bob. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your
dear mistress, and her fair sister: fie, while you live, avoid
this perplexity.

Mat. I shall, sir.

*Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
Would heav'n my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.*

[Master Stephen answers with shaking his head.]

E. Kno. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel
an' there be any brain in it!

Well. Sister, what ha' you here? verses? Pray you, let's
see. Who made these verses? they are excellent good.

Mat. O, master Well-bred, 'tis your disposition to say so,

fir. They were good i' the morning, I made 'em *extempore* this morning.

Well. How, *extempore*?

Mat. I would I might be hang'd else: ask captain *Bobadil*. He saw me write them at the——(pox on it) the star yonder.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Kno. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz!

Step. Body o' *Casar*! they are admirable!

The best that ever I heard, as I am a soldier.

Down. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still! heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Well. Sister *Kitely*, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Down. Oh, monster! impudence itself, tricks! come, you might practise your ruffian-tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuf: this is no tavern, nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Well. How now! whose cow was calv'd?

Down. Marry, that has mine, fir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, ay, fir, you and your companions, mend yourselves, when I ha' done.

Well. My companions?

Down. Yes, fir, your companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you nor them neither; your hang-bys here. You must have your poets, and your potlings, your *Soldados* and *Foolados*, to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you, ballad-singer, and Slops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home: or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Well. 'Slight, stay let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch

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any man here, and by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

[*They all draw; and they of the house make out to part them.*]

Dame. O, Jesu! murder! *Thomas, Gaspar!*

Bridg. Help, help, *Thomas.*

E. Kno. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, firrah, you, *Holofernes*; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier, for this; I will by this good heav'n: nay, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of *St. George*, I'll not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*]

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Down. You whorson, bragging coistril!

Enter KITELY.

Kite. Why, how now? what's the matter? what's the stir here?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.

My wife and sister, they are the cause of this:

What, *Thomas*, where is the knave?

Cash. Here, fir.

Well. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this. [Exit.]

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour. [Exit.]

Kite. Why, how now, brother, who inforc'd this brawl?

Down. A sort of leud rake-hells, that care neither for God, nor the devil: and they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially *Bob.* there: he that's all manner of shapes! and *songs and sonnets*, his fellow. But I'll follow 'em. [Exit.]

Bridge. Brother, indeed, you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour:

There was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himself.

Kite. O, that was some Love of yours, Sister.

Bridge. A love of mine? I would it were no worse, Brother! You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

[*Exit.*

Dame. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentlman of exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts. What a coil and stir is here?

[*Exit.*

Kite. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion!
Fair disposition, excellent good parts!
Death, these phrases are intolerable!
Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too clear: *Thomas*, come hither.
What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, Sir, they went in.
My mistress, and your Sister——

Kite. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, Sir, they are all gone.

Kite. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, Sir.

Kite. What gentleman was that they prais'd so, *Thomas*?

Cash. One, they call him master *Kno'well*, a handsome young gentleman, Sir.

Kite. Ay, I thought so: my mind gave me as much.
I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house
Somewhere; I'll go and search: go with me, *Thomas*,
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

MORE-FIELDS.

Enter E. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, and BRAIN-WORM.

E. Kno. Well *Brain-worm*, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Well. I' faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties; but at any hand remember the message to my brother: for there's no other means to start him out of his house.

Brain. I warrant you, sir, fear nothing: I have a nimble soul has wak'd all forces of my phant'sy by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have possess me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir. Make it no question. [*Exit.*

Well. Forth, and prosper, *Brainworm*. Faith, *Ned*, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Kno. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Well. Take, man? why, it cannot chuse but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but tell me ingeniously, dost thou affect my sister *Bridget*, as thou pretend'st?

E. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Well. Come do not protest. In faith, she is a maid, of good ornament, and much modesty: and, except I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Kno. Nay, that I am afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her or no.

Well. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Kno. Nay, do not swear.

Well. By this hand, thou shalt have her: I'll go fetch her presently. Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

E. Kno. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Well. Why, by—what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am——

E. Kno. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I'am satisfied: and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion, to make my desires compleat.

Well. Thou shalt see and know, I will not. [Exeunt.

Enter FORMAL, and KNO'WELL.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Kno. Ay, a knave, I took him begging o' the way, This morning, as I came over *More-fields*!

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

O here he is! you have made fair speed, believe me: Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus——

Brain. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Kno. How so?

Brain. O, sir! your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself!

Kno. How should that be! unless that villain, *Brain-worm*, Have told him of the letter, and discover'd All that I strictly charged him to conceal? 'tis so!

Brain. I am partly o' that faith, 'tis so!

Kno. But how should he know thee to be my man?

Brain. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art! is not your son a scholar, sir?

Kno. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied Unto such hellish practice: if it were I had just cause to weep my part in him, And curse the time of his creation. But where didst thou find them, *Fitz-Sword*?

Brain. You should rather ask, where they found me, fir; for I'll be sworn I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a sudden) a voice calls, Mr. *Kno'well's* man; another cries, 'soldier: and thus, half a dozen of 'em, 'till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'em, and all to tell me, I was a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me (as I protest they must have dissected me, and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told 'em) they lock'd me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence, by great miracle, having a light heart, I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scap'd. But, fir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lock'd up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens wives with 'em at the feast, and your son, Mr. *Edward*, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one *Cob's* house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Kno. Nor will I fail, to break this match I doubt not. Go thou along with justice *Clement's* man, And stay there for me. At one *Cob's* house, say'st thou?

Brain. Ay, fir, there you shall have him. [*Exit Kno'well.*] Yes? invisible? much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air: O, the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! but now I mean to appear no more before him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

For. Not a whit, fir,
You have been lately in the wars, fir, it seems.

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Brain. Marry have I, fir, to my loss; and expence of all, almost——

Form. Troth, fir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it——

Brain. O, fir——

Form. But to hear the manner of your services and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the *Roman* histories, or sees at *Mile-end*.

Brain. No, I assure you, fir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know; and more too, somewhat.

Form. No better time than now, fir; we'll go to the *wind-mill*, there we shall have a cup of neat grist, as we call it, I pray you, fir, let me request you, to the *wind-mill*.

Brain. I'll follow you, fir, and make grist o' you, if I have good luck.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MATTHEW, Ed. KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, and
STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to day, Mr. *Well-bred's* half brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this day-light.

E. Kno. We are now speaking of him: captain *Bobadil* tells me, he is fall'n foul o' you too.

Mat. O, ay, fir! he threatened me, with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning, for that——You shall kill him, beyond question; if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed it is a most excellent trick!

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like light'ning, hey?

[*He practises at a post.*

Mat. Rare captain!

Bob. Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a—*punto*!

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E. Kno. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O, good firs! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, fir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walk'd alone in divers skirts o' the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot, at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em: yet I hold it good policy not to go disarm'd, for tho' I be skilful, I may be oppress'd with multitudes.

E. Kno. Ay, believe me, may you; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no; what's a peculiar man, to a nation? not seen.

E. Kno. O, but your skill, Sir!

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss: but who respects it? I will tell you, fir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure and to myself: but, were I known to his majesty, and the lords (observe me) I would undertake (upon this poor head and life) for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, fir. I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choosc:

them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reverso*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto*: till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of *March*, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honour, refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too: and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform (provided there be no treason practis'd upon us) by fair and discreet manhood, that is civilly by the sword.

E. Kno. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut, never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno. I would not stand in *Down-right's* state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in *London*.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake! if he were here now, by this welkin I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun! wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a sling at him, at my distance.

Enter DOWN-RIGHT, walking over the Stage.

E. Kno. God's so! look you where he is; yonder he goes.

Dow. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It's not he, is it?

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E. Kno. Yes faith; it is he?

Mat. I'll be hang'd, then, if I were he.

E. Kno. I assure you, that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induc'd to believe it was he, yet.

E. Kno. That I think, sir. But see, he is come again!

Down. O, *Pharaoh's* foot! have I found you? come, draw, to your tools: draw, gipsy, or I'll thresh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me——

Down. Draw your weapon, then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on't till now; body of me! I had a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Mr. *Matthew*.

[*He beats him, and disarms him. Matthew runs away.*]

Down. 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour, forbear.

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whorson foist, you. You'll control the point, you? your consort is gone; had he staid, he had shar'd with you, sir.

[*Exit Down-right.*]

E. Kno. Twenty, and kill 'em; twenty more, kill them too. Ha! ha!

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Kno. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, by heaven: sure I

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was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Kno. Ay, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your Passado's, and your Montanto's, I'll none of them.

Bob. I was planet-struck certainly. [Exit.

E. Kno. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come, coz.

Step. Mafs, I'll have this cloke.

E. Kno. God's will, 'tis *Down-right*'s.

Step. Nay, it's mine now; another might have ta'en it up as well as I: I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Kno. How, an he see it? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha't; I'll say, I bought it.

E. Kno. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz. [Exit,

S C E N E III.

A Chamber in KITELY's House.

Enter KITELY and CASH.

Kite. Art thou sure, *Thomas*, we have pry'd into all and every part throughout the house? is there no by-place, or dark corner has escap'd our searches?

Cash. Indeed, sir, none; there's not a hole or nook unsearch'd by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

Kite. They have convey'd him then away, or hid him in some privacy of their own—Whilst we were searching of

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the dark closet by my sister's chamber, did'st thou not think thou heard'st a rustling on the other side, and a soft tread of feet?

Cash. Upon my truth, I did not, sir; or if you did, it might be only the vermin in the wainscot; the house is old, and over-run with 'em.

Kite. It is, indeed, *Thomas*—we should bane these rats—dost thou understand me—we will—they shall not harbour here; I'll cleanse my house from 'em, if fire or poison can effect it—I will not be tormented thus—They know my brain, and burrow in my heart—I cannot bear it.

Cash. I do not understand you, sir! good now, what is't disturbs you thus? pray, be compos'd; these starts of passion have some cause I fear, that touches you more nearly.

Kite. Sorely, sorely, *Thomas*—it cleaves too close to me—Oh me [*Sighs*] Lend me thy arm—so, good *Cash*.

Cash. You tremble and look pale! let me call assistance.

Kite. Not for ten thousand worlds—Alas! alas! 'tis not in med'cine to give ease—here, here it lies.

Cash. What, Sir?

Kite. Why,—nothing, nothing—I am not sick, yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my mind, and long for that, which having, would destroy me.

Cash. Believe me, 'tis your fancy's imposition; shut up your generous mind from such intruders—I'll hazard all my growing favour with you: I'll stake my present, my future welfare, that some base whispering knave, (pardon me, sir) hath in the best and richest soil, sown seeds of rank and evil nature! O, my master, should they take root—

[*Laughing within.*]

Kite. Hark! hark! dost thou not hear? what think'st thou now? are they not laughing at me? they are, they are: they have deceiv'd the wittol, and thus they triumph in their infamy—This aggravation is not to be borne. [*Laughing*

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again.] hark, again!—*Cash*, do thou unseen steal in upon 'em, and listen to their wanton conference.

Cash. I shall obey you, tho' against my will. [Exit.

Kite. Against his will? ha! it may be so—He's young, and may be brib'd for them—they've various means to draw the unwary in; if it be so, I'm lost, deceiv'd, betray'd, and my bosom (my full-fraught bosom) is unlock'd and open'd to mockery and laughter! heaven forbid! he cannot be that viper; sting the hand that rais'd and cherish'd him! was this stroke added, I should be curs'd—but it cannot be—no, it cannot be!

Enter CASH.

Cash. You are musing, sir,

Kite. I ask your pardon, *Cash*,—ask me not why—I have wrong'd you, and am sorry—'tis gone.

Cash. If you suspect my faith—

Kite. I do not—say no more—and for my sake let it die, and be forgotten—Have you seen your mistress, and heard—whence was that noise?

Cash. Your brother master *Well-bred* is with 'em, and I found 'em throwing out their mirth on a very truly ridiculous subject; it is one *Formal*, as he stiles himself, and he appertains (so he phrases it) to justice *Clement*, and would speak with you.

Kite. With me! art thou sure it is the justice's clerk? Where is he?

Enter BRAIN-WORM (as FORMAL.)

Who are you, friend?

Brain. An appendix to justice *Clement*, vulgarly call'd his clerk

Kite. What are your wants with me?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to speak with me?

Brain. No—but my master does.

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Kite. What are the justice's commands?

Brain. He doth not command, but intreats master *Kitely* to be with him directly, having matters of some moment to communicate unto him.

Kite. What can it be! say, I'll be with him instantly, and if your legs, friend, go no faster than your tongue, I shall be there before you.

Brain. I will. *Vale.*

[*Exit.*

Kite. 'Tis a precious fool, indeed!—I must go forth—But first, come hither, *Thomas*—I have admitted thee into the close recesses of my heart, and shew'd thee all my frailties, passions, every thing—

Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch:

Wilt thou be true, my *Thomas*?

Cash. As truth's self, sir—

But be assur'd you're heaping care and trouble

Upon a sandy base; ill-plac'd suspicion

Recoils upon yourself—She's chaste as comely;

Believe't she is—Let her not note your humour;

Disperse the gloom upon your brow, and be

As clear as her unfullied honour.

[these

Kite. I will then, *Cash*—thou comfort'st me—I'll drive Fiend-like fancies from me, and be myself again.

Think'st thou she has perceiv'd my folly? 'Twere

Happy if he had not—She has not—

They who know no evil will suspect none.

Cash. True, sir; nor has your mind a blemish now.

This change has gladdened me—Here's my mistress

And the rest, settle your reason to accost 'em.

Kite. I will, *Cash*, I will—

Enter WELL-BRED, Dame KITELY, and BRIDGET.

Well. What are you plotting, brother *Kitely*,

That thus of late you muse alone, and bear

Such weighty care upon your pensive brow?

[*Laughs.*

Kite. My care is all for you, good sneering brother,
And well I wish you'd take some wholesome counsel,
And curb your headstrong humours; trust me, brother,
You were to blame to raise commotions here,
And hurt the peace and order of my house.

Well. No harm done, brother, I warrant you,
Since there is no harm done; anger costs
A man nothing, and a brave man is never
His own man 'till he be angry—to keep
His valor in obscurity, is to keep himself,
As it were, in a cloke-bag: what's a brave
Musician unless he play?
What's a brave man unless he fight?

Dame. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Well. What, school'd on both sides! Prithee, *Bridget*,
save me from the rod and lecture.

[*Bridget and Well-bred retire.*]

Kite. With what a decent modesty she rates him!
My heart's at ease, and she shall see it is——
How art thou, wife? thou look'st both gay and comely,
In troth thou dost—I am sent for out, my dear,
But I shall soon return——Indeed, my life,
Business that forces me abroad is irksome,
I cou'd content me with less gain and 'vantage
To have thee more at home, indeed I cou'd.

Dame. Your doubts, as well as love, may breed these thoughts.

Kite. That jar untunes me.
What dost thou say? doubt thee? [Aside.
I shou'd as soon suspect myself—no, no,
My confidence is rooted in thy merit,
So fixt and settled, that, wert thou inclin'd
To masks, to sports, and balls, where lusty youth

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Leads up the wanton dance, and the rais'd pulse
Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy,
With heart's ease and security—not but
I had rather thou should'st prefer thy home
And me, to toys and such like vanities.

Dame. But sure, my dear,
A wife may moderately use these pleasures,
Which numbers, and the time give sanction to,
Without the smallest blemish on her name.

Kite. And so she may—And I'll go with thee, child,
I will indeed—I'll lead thee there myself,
And be the foremost reveller.—I'll silence
The sneers of envy, stop the tongue of slander;
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one
Disturb'd with jealousy—

Dame. Why, were you ever so?

Kite. What!—ha! never—ha, ha, ha!
She stabs me home. (*Aside.*) Jealous of thee?
No, do not believe it—speak low, my love,
Thy brother will overhear us—no, no, my dear,
It cou'd not be, it cou'd not be—for—for—
What is the time now?—I shall be too late—
No, no, thou may'st be satisfy'd
There's not the smallest spark remaining—
Remaining! what do I say? there never was,
Nor can, nor ever shall be—so be satisfy'd—
Is *Cob* within there?—Give me a kiss,
My dear, there, there, now we are reconcil'd—
I'll be back immediately—Good-bye, good-bye—
Ha, ha, jealous, I shall burst my sides with laughing;
Ha, ha, *Cob*, where are you, *Cob*? ha, ha — [Exit.

[*Well-bred and Bridget come forward.*

Well. What have you done to make your husband part so
merry from you? he has of late been little given to laughter.

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Dame. He laugh'd indeed, but seemingly without mirth; his behaviour is new and strange: he is much agitated, and has some whimsy in his head, that puzzles mine to read it.

Well. 'Tis jealousy, good sister, and writ so largely that the blind may read it; have not you perceiv'd it yet?

Dame. If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my tongue shou'd betray my eyes, so far my wisdom tends, good brother, and little more I boast—But what makes him ever calling for *Cob* so? I wonder how he can employ him.

Well. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs *Cob*, is a necessary question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfy'd in—But this, I'll assure you, *Cob's* wife is an excellent baud, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry to what end, I cannot altogether accuse him: imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts, ere now, sister.

Dame. Never said you truer than that, brother; so much I can tell you for your learning. O, ho! is this the fruit of's jealousy? I thought some game was in the wind, he acted so much tenderness but now; but I'll be quit with him.

—*Thomas!*

Enter CASH.

Fetch your hat, and go with me; I'll get my hood, and out the backward-way.—I would to fortune I could take him there, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him for his jealousy! [Exit.

Well. Ha, ha! so, e'en let 'em go; this may make sport anon—What, *Brain-worm*?

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

Brain. I saw the merchant turn the corner, and came back to tell you, all goes well; wind and tide, my master.

Well. But how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brain. Marry, fir, my proper fine penman wou'd needs bestow the grift o' me at the *wind-mill*, to hear some martial discourse, where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrow'd his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him 'till my return; which shall be when I have pawn'd his apparel, and spent the better part of the money, perhaps.

Well. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, *Brainworm*: his absence will be subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister *Bridget* at the *Tower* instantly; for here, tell him, the house is so stor'd with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some large prison, say; and then the *Tower*, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away. [Exit Brain-worm.]

Bridg. What, is this the engine that you told me of? What further meaning have you in the plot?

Well. That you may know, fair sister-in-law, how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

Bridg. That touches not me, brother.

Well. That's true; that's ev'n the fault of it; for, indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching—Well, there's a dear and well respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and have vow'd to inflame whole bone-fires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. *Ned Kno'well* is the man, sister. There's no conception against the party; you are ripe for a husband, and a minute's loss to such an occasion is a great

trespass in a wife beauty.—What say you, sister? On my soul, he loves you. Will you give him the meeting?

Bridg. Faith, I had very little confidence in my own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours favours an old knight adventurer's servant, a little too much, methinks.

Well. What's that, sister?

Bridg. Marry, of the go-between.

Well. No matter if it did: I wou'd be such a one for my friend.—But see, who is return'd to hinder us.

Enter KITELY.

Kite. What villany is this? call'd out on a false message! this was some plot; I was not sent for. *Bridget*, where's your sister?

Bridg. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kite. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for heaven's sake?

Bridg. I know not, sir.

Well. I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.

Kite. Whither, good brother?

Well. To *Cob's* house, I believe, but keep my counsel.

Kite. I will, I will—To *Cob's* house! Does she haunt there?

She's gone on purpose now to cuckold me
With that lewd rascal, who to win her favour,
Hath told her all—Why wou'd you let her go?

Well. Because she's not my wife; if she were, I'd keep her to her tether.

Kite. So, so; now 'tis too plain.—I shall go mad
With my misfortunes; now they pour in torrents:
I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my servant,
Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours,
Despis'd by myself.—There is nothing left now

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But to revenge myself first, next hang myself;
And then—all my cares will be over. [Exit.

Bridg. He storms most loudly; sure you have gone too far in this.

Well. 'Twill all end right, depend upon't.—But let us lose no time; the coast is clear; away, away; the affair is worth it, and cries haste.

Bridg. I trust me to your guidance, brother; and so fortune for us. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.
S T O C K S - M A R K E T.

Enter MATTHEW, and BOBADIL.

MATTHEW.

I WONDER, captain, what they will say of my going away? ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman? quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments: and that's all.

Mat. Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery us'd, lain on strongly, born most patiently: and that's all. But wherefor do I wake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by *Jupiter*! fascinated:—but I will be unwitch'd, and reveng'd by law.

Mat. Do you hear? is't not best to get a warrant and have him arrested, and brought before justice *Clement*?

Bob. It were not amiss, would we had it!

Mat. Why here comes his man, let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed; do you speak.

Enter BRAIN-WORM as Formal.

Mat. Save you, sir.

Brain. With all my heart, fir.

Mat. Sir, there is one *Down-right* hath abus'd this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make ourselves amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him before your master, you shall be well considered of, I assure you, fir.

Brain. Sir, you know my service is my living, such favours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefor, you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, fir?

Brain. Faith, fir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account: yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money.

Bob. Not a cross, hy fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two pence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn? we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes, I can pawn my ring here.

Bob. And harkee, he shall have my trusty *Toledo* too; I believe I shall have no service for it to-day.

Mat. Do you hear, fir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, fir, I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his *Toledo*, because we would have it dispatch'd.

Brain. I am content, fir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you, *Down-right*?

Mat. Ay, ay, *George Down-right*.

Brain. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you the warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

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Mat. That's true, captain, that must be consider'd.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not! 'tis service of danger!

Brain. Why, you were best get one of the varlets o' the city, a serjeant; I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, fir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, fir.

[*Exeunt Bobadil and Matthew.*]

Brain. This is rare! now will I go pawn this cloke of the justice's man's, at the brokers for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and so get money on all sides. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The Street before COBB's House.

Enter KNO'WELL

Kno. O, here it is; I have found it now—Hoa, who is within here? [Tib appears at the window.]

Tib. I am within, fir, what is your pleasure?

Kno. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, fir, you are no constable, I hope?

Kno. O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not you have some guests within deserve that fear—I'll fetch him straight.

Tib. For heaven's sake, fir——

Kno. Go to, come tell me, is not young *Kno'well* here?

Tib. Young *Kno'well*? I know none such, fir, o' my honesty.

Kno. Your honesty, dame! it flies too lightly from you! there is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

Enter CASH and Dame KITELY.

Cash. Hoa! who keeps house here?

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Kno. O, this is the female coxswain of my son.

Now shall I meet him straight. (*Aside.*)

Dame. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Hoa! good wife.

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you.

Dame. Why, woman, grieves it you to open the door? be-
like, you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray you?

Dame. So strange you make it! is not my husband here!

Kno. Her husband! [*Aside.*]

Dame. My tried and faithful husband, master *Kitely*.

Tib. I hope he needs not be tried here.

Dame. Come hither, *Cash*—I see my turtle coming to his
haunts; let us retire. [*They retire.*]

Kno. This must be some device to mock me withal.

Soft—who is this?—Oh! 'tis my son disguis'd.

I'll watch him, and surprize him.

Enter KITELY muffled in a cloak.

Kite. 'Tis truth, I see, there she skulks.

But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—

I tremble so, I scarce have power to do the justice

Her infamy demands.

[*As Kitely goes forward, Dame Kitely and Kno'well lay hold
of him.*]

Kno. Have I trapp'd you, youth? You can't 'scape me
now.

Dame. O, sir! have I forestall'd your honest market?

Found your close walks? you stand amaz'd

Now, do you? Ah, hide, hide your face for shame!

I' faith, I am glad I have found you yet at last.

What is your jewel, tro? in, come let's see her; fetch

Forth the wanton dame—If she be fairer

In any honest judgment, than myself,

I'll be content with it: but she is change:

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She feeds you fat, she sooths your appetite,
And you are well. Your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir. O you treacher!

Kno. What mean you, woman? let go your hold.
I see the counterfeit—I am his father, and claim him as
my own.

Kite. [*discovering himself*] I am your cuckold, and claim
my vengeance.

Dame. What, do you wrong me, and insult me too? thou
faithless man!

Kite. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,
Close at your villany, and would'st thou 'scuse it,
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
O, old incontinent! dost thou not shame
To have a mind so hot? and so entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?

Dame. Out, I defy thee, thou dissembling wretch!

Kite. Defy me, strumpet, ask thy pandar here,
Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, sir——

Cash. Master, 'tis in vain to reason, while these passions
blind you—I'm griev'd to see you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut, never speak, I see thro' every
Veil you cast upon your treachery: but I have
Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever.
For you, sir, thus I demand my honour's due;
Resolv'd to cool your lust, or end my shame. [*Draws.*]

Kno. What lunacy is this? put up your sword, and un-
deceive yourself—no arm that e'er pois'd weapon can af-
fright me. But I pity folly, nor cope with madness.

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Kite. I will have proofs—I will—so you good wife-bawd, *Cob's* wife; and you that make your husband such a monster, and you, young pandar, and old cuckold maker, I'll ha' you every one before the justice—nay, you shall answer it; I charge you go. Come forth, thou bawd.

[Goes into the house and brings out Tib.]

Kno. Marry, with all my heart, sir; I go willingly. Tho' I do taste this as a trick put on me, To punish my impertinent search; and justly; And half forgive my son for the device.

Kite. Come, will you go?

Dame. Go, to thy shame believe it.

Kite. Tho' shame and sorrow both my heart betide, Come on—I must, and will be satisfy'd. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

STOCK'S-MARKET.

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

Brain. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself; being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, 'till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he rests him! for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray heaven I come well off.

Enter BOBADIL and Mr. MATTHEW.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

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'Save you, friend; are you not here by appointment of justice *Clement's* man?

Brain. Yes, an't please you, sir: he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I have about me) to be serv'd on one *Down-right*.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes, you must arrest: serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware——

Enter Mr. STEPHEN in DOWN-RIGHT's Cloke.

Bob. Bear back, master *Matthew*.

Brain. Master *Down-right*, I arrest you in the queen's name, and must carry you before a justice, by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend, I am no *Down-right*, I. I am master *Stephen*; you do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly: I am in nobody's bonds or books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

Brain. Why now you are deceived, gentlemen.

Bob. He wears such a cloke, and that deceived us: but see, here a comes indeed! this is the officer.

Enter DOWN-RIGHT.

Down. Why, how now, signior Gull! are you turn'd filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloke.

Step. Your cloke, sir? I bought it even now in open market.

Brain. Master *Down-right*, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen? these rascals?

Brain. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brain. Go before master justice *Clement*, to answer what they can object against you, sir. I will use you kindly, sir.

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Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain—

[Exit.

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, before heaven! [Exit.

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloke?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brain. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me, I scorn it. There, take your cloke, I'll have none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, now, fir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's: bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloke, what would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it, fir.

Brain. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

Brain. So, so, I have made a fair mash on't.

Step. Must I go?

Brain. I know no remedy, master Stephen.

Down. Come along before me here. I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, fir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow?

Brain. I think not, fir. It is but a whipping matter, sure!

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

A Hall in Justice CLEMENT's House.

Enter CLEMENT, KNO'WEIL, KITELY, Dame KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, and Servants.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, fir-rah. You, master *Kno'well*, say you went thither to meet your son.

Kno. Ay, fir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own man, fir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not, now; I left him with your clerk; and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk? about what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with this false mes- sage to you master *Kitely*?

Kitc. After two, fir.

Clem. Very good: but, Mrs. *Kitely*, how chance it that you were at *Cob's*? ha?

Dame. An' please you, fir, I'll tell you: my brother *Well-bred* told me, that *Cob's* house was a suspected place.—

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame. And that my husband used thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he us'd himself well, mistress.

Dame. True, fir, but you know what grows by such haunts, oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress *Kitely*; but did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

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Kite. I found her there, fir.

Clem. Did you so? that alters the case. Who gave you knowlege of your wife's being there?

Kite. Marry, that did my brother *Well-bred*.

Clem. How, *Well-bred* first tell her, then tell you after? where is *Well-bred*?

Kite. Gone with my sister, fir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly, all! Alas, poor wench, wert thou suspected for this?

Tib. Yes, and't please you.

Clem. I smell mischief here, plot and contrivance, master *Kitely*. However, if you will step into the next room with your wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find some trick has been play'd you—I fear there have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it—I'll take your counsel—will you go in, *Dame*?

Dame. I will have justice, Mr. *Kitely*.

[Exit *Kitely* and *Dame*.]

Clem. You will be a woman, Mrs. *Kitely*, that I see—How now, what's the matter?

Enter *Servant*.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what's he?

Serv. A soldier, fir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! my sword, quickly: a soldier speak with me! stand by, I will end your matters anon—Let the soldier enter; now, Sir, what ha' you to say to me?

Enter *BOBADIL* and *MATTHEW*.

Bob. By your worship's favour—

Clem. Nay, keep out, fir, I know not your pretence, you

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Kno. That did mine own man, fir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not, now; I left him with your clerk: and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk? about what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with this false mes- sage to you master *Kitely*?

Kitc. After two, fir.

Clem. Very good: but, Mrs. *Kitely*, how chance it that you were at *Cob's*? ha?

Dame. An' please you, fir, I'll tell you: my brother *Well- bred* told me, that *Cob's* house was a suspected place.—

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame. And that my husband used thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he us'd himself well, mistress.

Dame. True, fir, but you know what grows by such haunts, oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress *Kitely*; but did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

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Kite. I found her there, fir.

Clem. Did you so? that alters the case. Who gave you knowlege of your wife's being there?

Kite. Marry, that did my brother *Well-bred*.

Clem. How, *Well-bred* first tell her, then tell you after? where is *Well-bred*?

Kite. Gone with my sister, fir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly, all! Alas, poor wench, wert thou suspected for this?

Tib. Yes, and't please you.

Clem. I smell mischief here, plot and contrivance, master *Kitely*. However, if you will step into the next room with your wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find some trick has been play'd you—I fear there have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it—I'll take your counsel—will you go in, *Dame*?

Dame. I will have justice, Mr. *Kitely*.

[*Exit Kitely and Dame.*]

Clem. You will be a woman, Mrs. *Kitely*, that I see—
How now, what's the matter?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what's he?

Serv. A soldier, fir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! my sword, quickly: a soldier speak with me! stand by, I will end your matters anon—Let the soldier enter; now, Sir, what ha' you to say to me?

Enter BOBADIL and MATTHEW.

Bob. By your worship's favour—

Clem. Nay, keep out, fir, I know not your pretence, you

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send me word, fir, you are a soldier; why, fir, you shall be answer'd here. Here be them have been among soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, fir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one *Down-right*, a coarse fellow about the town here, and for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted in the way of my peace; despoil'd me of mine honour; disarm'd me of my weapons; and rudely laid me along in the open streets; when I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

Clem. O God's precious! Is this the soldier? Lie there, my sword, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an' he were, fir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, fir, has brought two gentlemen here, one upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant?

Serv. Yes, fir, the officer says, procur'd by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. Set by this picture; what Mr. *Down-wright*! are you brought at Mr. *Fresh-water's* suit here?

Enter DOWN-RIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAIN-WORM.

Down. I' faith, fir. And here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, fir?

Step. A gentleman, fir? O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle? who, master *Kno'well*?

Kno. Ay, fir, this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here mon-

stroussly; he charges me with stealing of his cloke, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. O, did you find it, now? you said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said I stole it; nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe a-while; you that have cause to complain there, stand forth: had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well, an' my clerk can make warrants and my hand not at 'em! Where's the warrant? Officer, have you it?

Brain. No, sir, your worship's man, master *Formal*, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, master *Down-right*, are you such a novice to be serv'd, and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No, how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so——

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, sir? He must serve it? give me a warrant, I must serve one too—you knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must, firrah? away with him to the jail, I'll teach you a trick, for your *must*, sir.

Brain. Good sir, I beseech you be good to me.

Clem. Tell him, he shall to the jail, away with him, I say.

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Brain. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose by my travel any grain of my fame certain. [Throws off his disguise.]

Clem. How is this?

Kno. My man, *Brain-worm*!

Step. O yes, uncle, *Brain-worm* has been with my cousin *Edward* and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brain. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now, stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belongs to you, master *Kno'well*, I bespeak your patience.

Brain. That is it I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon: though I suspect you shroudly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brain. Yes, faith, I have, sir; though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourself; first, as *Brain-worm*, after as *Fitz-Sword*. I was your reform'd soldier, sir, 'twas I sent you to *Cob's* upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it possible! or that thou should disguise thyself so as I should not know thee?

Brain. O, sir! this has been the day of my metamorphosis! it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought master *Kitely* a message too, in the form of master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship; while master *Well-bred* might make a conveyance of mistress *Bridget* to my young master.

Kno. My son is not married I hope.

Brain. Faith, fir, they are both, as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pounds which is her portion, can make 'em: and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding supper at the *wind-will*, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry that will I. I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. But I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man *Formal*?

Brain. Faith, fir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine (but all in kindness) and the stripping him to his shirt; I left him in that cool vein, departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown to serve it in; and thus have brought myself, by my activity, to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in a cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drank off, this is my sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. Go into the next room; let master *Kitely* into this whimsical business, and if he does not forgive thee, he has less mirth in him, than an honest man ought to have. How now, who are these?

Enter Ed. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, and BRIDGET.
O, the young company. Welcome, welcome. Give you joy. Nay, Mrs. *Bridget*, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither before you. Master Bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand: so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my roof.

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All. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'em, they are no part of my care.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep, an' he had not bleated. Why, sir, you shall give Mr. *Down-right* his cloke; and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have in the buttery, and keep *Cob* and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconcil'd; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Clem. Call master *Kitely* and his wife there.

Enter Mr. KITELY and Dame KITELY.

Did I not tell you there was a plot against you? did I not smell it out, as a wise magistrate ought? have not you trac'd, have not you found it, eh! master *Kitely*?

Kite. I have.—I confess my folly, and own I have deserved what I have suffer'd for it. The trial has been severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now, is, that as my folly is cur'd, and my persecutors forgiven, my shame may be forgotten.

Clem. That will depend upon yourself master *Kitely*; do not you yourself create the food for mischief, and the mischievous will not play upon you.—But come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all discontents be laid aside.—You Mr. *Down-right*, put off your anger.—You Mr. *Kno'well*, your cares.—And do you, master *Kitely* and your wife, put off your jealousies.

Kite. Sir, thus they go from me, kiss me, my wife. See, what a drove of horns fly in the air, Wing'd with my cleansed, and my credulous breath! Watch 'em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall. See, see! on heads, that think they've none at all!

O, what a plenteous world of this will come,
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some!

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to
friendship, love, and laughter. Master Bridegroom, take
your bride and lead; every one a fellow. Here is my mi-
strefs — *Brain-worm!* to whom all my addressees of court-
ship shall have their reference; whose adventures this day,
when our grand-children shall hear to be made a fable, I
doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause.

T H E E N D.

